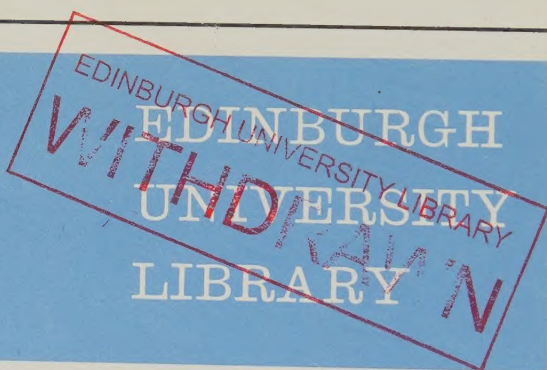




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Anne, Eliza, and Grace, daughters of the
Reverend Thomas Chalmers, D.D., D.C.L.

Ages 9, 6, and 3 respectively.

(From an oil painting by Andrew Geddes.)

Letters & Journals
of
ANNE CHALMERS

Edited by Her Daughter

Privately Printed by the Curwen Press
for THE CHELSEA PUBLISHING CO.
16 Royal Hospital Road, Chelsea, LONDON
MDCCCCXXII





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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

*OF the Introductory Biographical Notes,
the first is written by Mrs. A. W. Blackie,
the daughter of Anne Chalmers (Mrs.
Hanna); the second by Mrs. T. Bennet
Clark, grand-daughter of the latter.*



Biographical Notes

ANNE CHALMERS

I

ANNE CHALMERS was born at Kilmany on May 5th, 1813, and was the eldest of the six daughters of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Chalmers and his wife *née* ~~Grace~~ Pratt.

Daughters were welcome in that household. On the birth of each, their father said, 'The better article' or 'Another of the best.' Each of the little girls had a fanciful name, given them according to the place of their birth. Anne's name was 'The Fifeshire Fairy' or 'The Fair Maid of the Eden.' The next sister, who arrived in Glasgow, was 'The Glasgow Girl,' and so on. Fifeshire was Anne's home for a very short time. Dr. Chalmers got a call to Glasgow, and after some years of hard work there, changed his pulpit for the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews, where he remained for ten years. These six years between the ages of nine and fifteen were always looked back upon with pleasure by my mother. She loved the old historical interest of the place, and to the end of her life would say she enjoyed climbing on the rocks and ruins, and believed she still could do so were she there.

The lifelong friendship with Anne Parker (afterwards Lady Cardwell) began at a very early age, and my mother's letters to her girl friend were evidently

valued by her, and preserved, and all returned after her death. I feel sure that Lady Cardwell's surviving relatives (she left no descendants) will not object to our using them as we have done. These were the days of long and interesting letters, postage being so dear. The art of letter-writing was a characteristic of my mother's all her life. When in Edinburgh, Mr. Gladstone used to frank her letters when he breakfasted in her father's house. At that time, though already an M.P., he was still a student at the Edinburgh University. Long years afterwards, near the end of her life, my mother wrote to Mr. Gladstone, pointing out what she thought to be an error on his part, and received one of his usual postcards in reply.

In 1828 the family left St. Andrews and went to Edinburgh, where Dr. Chalmers became Professor of Divinity in the University. These were very busy days for the eldest daughter, who then met many notable people and helped to entertain them. I think she used to be rather bored by the students when they came to breakfast or evening parties; she found some of them dull and loutish. All the same, she married one of them, William Hanna, son of the Rev. Dr. Hanna, of Belfast. One supposes she found him different from the others she criticized! She married in 1836 at the age of twenty-two, and, for some years after, her life was spent in the country at East Kilbride, and then at the small, pretty village of Skirling. During these years, private and public events occurred. Several sons were born, for she did not carry on the family tradition of 'the better article.' Of these, only the eldest survived. The deaths of these babies deeply affected her, and

helped her to enter into the feelings of other mothers when they too were grieving over a young life snatched away too soon. At the same time my mother was not a universal adorer of all infants. A cousin of hers once told me that when her mother had a young baby, and was showing it with pride to mine, after duly admiring the little person, my mother said, 'Now let us send away the baby and get the cat.' She wasn't very practical in her upbringing of children. I remember at a very young age enjoying macaroon cheese-cakes and sips of negus in bed. She continued to have vague ideas about food for us. When my own eldest child was about a year old, and we were having crab pie for lunch, a message came from her to say, 'Be careful when you give the crab pie to baby; there may be bones in it!'

The Disruption took place while my father was minister at Skirling, and although both her father and her husband 'came out,' my mother's heart was never in the Free Church, and many of her intimate friends remained in the old Church. She often quoted her father, saying 'that he left with pain a vitiated Establishment, and would return with joy to a purified one.' My mother was a member of the Church of Scotland at the time of her death, and for many years before. She was rather fond of ritual, and when abroad liked to visit Roman Catholic churches, where she took holy water and made the sign of the cross with it. I objected to this (it was our only subject of disagreement), and she used to say, 'Oh, you Low Church child!'

She was very fond of music, and played the piano with a clear touch and expression. I can remember

her taking music lessons when she must have been fifty years of age.

Languages were among my mother's interests, and her house was much frequented by all kinds of foreigners, except Germans. She always disliked them, and was ardently on the side of the French in the Franco-German war. I remember her annoyance with Thomas Carlyle, next whom she sat at a dinner party at that time. He said, 'The Germans are a moral and a religious people, and the French are immoral and irreligious.' My mother entirely disagreed, and subsequent events have, I think, proved her to have been in the right.

Her health was somewhat feeble—she had a severe bronchial cough—but her spirit never failed, and I fancy I can see her now, sitting up in bed surrounded by her letters and papers relating to public as well as private affairs, and interested in all.

She dressed very badly, caring nothing for her personal appearance. One day a cousin met her in Princes Street, dressed in a green dress and a bonnet made entirely of crêpe. 'Anne, why are you dressed like that?' she asked. 'Because I am in mourning for Mr. J. . . . He was only a cousin's husband and no relation, so as I had the bonnet I am just wearing it.' She carried out her ideas in the dressing of her only daughter. When I was a baby, she got me a bright orange-coloured pelisse, quite unlike other children, so that she might easily identify me in the street.

Youth is always ashamed of any eccentricity on the part of its relations, and I remember feeling rather uncomfortable when we were making calls, and my mother, feeling tired, sat down on the steps until

the door was opened ! She would not, however, have adopted the present-day fashion of easy familiarity and indiscriminate use of Christian names. To the end of her life she called my father 'Mr. Hanna,' and when he remonstrated with her for coldness of address, said she didn't know him well enough to call him by his Christian name!

A sad change took place when my father died in 1882. He was such a kind, genial man. I never heard him say a cross word. My mother's sense of loss was extreme. For the rest of her life she remained with her sister Eliza, widow of the Rev. John Mackenzie, at 64 Great King Street, Edinburgh. These two old ladies passed their last years together. They were congenial in temperament. They were both interested in what went on around them, though themselves confined to the house. My mother's mind was as clear at seventy-seven as at seventeen, when she passed away on the 27th March, 1891. On the day of her death she discussed many public events. She also repeated the Twenty-seventh Psalm, having just learnt it by heart. Like many others, she dreaded death. 'I know even the tables and chairs here, but what will it be like there?' she used to say. When death came, she simply fell asleep. I have always felt that no one else ever had so interesting a mother as I had, and I believe that many of her descendants feel as I do: that her memory is always green, and that the 'Great Divide' has not entirely separated us from one another.

M. G. B.

II

IT has often been said that there are few, or no, instances of great friendships between women. I am not sure that the saying is true, but if it is, all the more reason why the friendship which existed between Anne Chalmers and Anne Parker should not go unchronicled. The letters, the earliest of which are now being printed, were written by Anne Chalmers to Anne Parker, and date from 1826 to 1886. They are now in the possession of Mrs. Blackie, daughter of Anne Chalmers. They were faithfully kept during all these years by Anne Parker, first during her girlhood, and then after her marriage to Mr. (subsequently Viscount) Cardwell. For sixty long years Lady Cardwell preserved these letters from her friend, and after her death, her executors sent them back to my grandmother, Anne Chalmers, then Mrs. Hanna. I remember very well her speaking of them to me when I, her grandchild, was a very young girl, and the pleasant feeling of importance it gave me to be consulted about their ultimate destination. Along with them, there was sent back the gold locket with hair in it, which my grandmother had given her friend sixty years before. It has been a labour of love to my aunt and myself to read the letters through, and, in thus reading them, the various actors in them have become astonishingly alive to us, and we feel that others besides ourselves might like to know of the doings and sayings of these two little girls of a hundred years ago. So far, we have only arranged the earliest of the letters, when the two little girls were both full of their education.

My grandmother, Anne Chalmers, was the eldest daughter of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L., known to Scotsmen as a great churchman, and the leader of the movement which culminated in the Disruption, and the foundation of the Free Church of Scotland. Dr. Chalmers was a member of a large family, so his children had many cousins and aunts and uncles, who are often referred to in the letters, usually, in the quaint manner of the time, as 'Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers,' 'Mrs. McLellan,' etc. Dr. Chalmers married in 1812 Grace Pratt, daughter of Captain John Pratt, of the Atholl Highlanders. Mrs. Chalmers had one sister, Helen, who married Alexander Chalmers, brother of Dr. Chalmers, and one brother, Thomas, who followed his father's profession of soldiering, and who became later Sir Thomas Pratt, K.C.B., and Commander-in-Chief of H.M. Forces in Australia. This uncle was much beloved by his young nieces, and is referred to with great affection as '*Uncle Pratt.*'

When Anne was one year old the family moved to Glasgow, where Dr. Chalmers was minister in St. John's Parish Church. It was during their time in Glasgow, that he became specially renowned as a great preacher and as a great social reformer. The church was so thronged with people anxious to hear his farewell sermon on his departure for St. Andrews, and the crowd at the church door was so terrific, that some one in authority actually sent for the *military* to keep order! It was there also that he and his family first knew the family of the Parkers. Mr. Parker was a West India merchant, well known and much thought of, and the large family of boys and girls became very

great friends of the Chalmers'. Besides Mr. Parker's town house of Blochairn, they had a country place, Fairlie, which is still in the possession of their descendants. Anne Parker was the youngest daughter, and about the same age as Anne Chalmers. Mr. and Mrs. Parker were very much attached to Dr. and Mrs. Chalmers, and it seems to have been the usual custom that they, and one or two of their children, should stay with the Parkers for a week or two in summer at Fairlie. To Anne Chalmers, Fairlie was a place full of delights. It is situated on the Clyde, and evidently the sea shore, the fishing, the romantic scenery, and the life of a large and clever family, appealed very strongly to her imagination. All these young people, both Parkers and Chalmers, were unusually gifted. The eldest daughter of the Parkers, Susan, married pretty early, and she and her husband, Major Duncan Darroch, of Gourrock, often returned to the old home. The sons of the family were mostly out in the world at the time these letters begin, but came back to make holiday at Fairlie. James, the second son, was a very rising young barrister, and afterwards became Vice-Chancellor of England at an unusually early age, and died in his forty-seventh year, after holding his office for only ten months. The other sons were settled near Liverpool, and all of them left descendants to carry on their names, except Anne, who never had any children. I must not forget another member of that happy circle, Miss Parker, their governess, who was so much beloved, and who was of their name but not of their blood.

Anne Parker married in 1838 Mr. Edward Cardwell, the distinguished statesman, who was

afterwards made Viscount Cardwell. I have heard that in later life, Anne (Lady Cardwell) became a very stiff, somewhat prim old lady, much concerned with her housekeeping, and fearful lest all should not be properly ordered in her large house in Eaton Square. That seems unlike the somewhat boisterous girl, of whom we get glimpses in my grandmother's letters and journal, the girl who was so tremendously in love with Byron, that she had to be exhorted by her friend about her passion for him. These happy summer visits continued until Anne Chalmers's marriage in 1836 to the Rev. William Hanna, afterwards Dr. William Hanna. In her letters he is usually referred to as 'H.' or 'Mr. H.'

The young couple, Mr. and Mrs. Hanna, set up house first at East Kilbride, where my grandfather was parish minister; but their stay there was short, as they very soon moved to Skirling, where he ministered for four years. Here my father's childhood was spent, and his two baby brothers were born and died. During that time the Disruption took place, and my grandfather left the Church of Scotland, and he and his flock (for all his parishioners but two 'came out' with him) formed the Free Church congregation at Skirling. Then came a call to be colleague with Dr. Guthrie in St. John's Free Church in Edinburgh, and the Hannas finally settled in Edinburgh again. It was while they were in Edinburgh that their youngest child and only daughter, Matilda Grace (now Mrs. Blackie), was born. Dr. Hanna retired pretty early from the ministry, and devoted himself to literary work. In later years, owing to his wife's ill-health, they spent many winters abroad.

How very difficult it is to describe in words (and especially written words) a personality! But that is just what I should like to try to do, so that my children, and possibly their children, may have some little idea of the woman their great-grandmother was. I remember her very well, and though it never struck me as a child that she was good-looking, still I think she must have been. She was always frail of body, but so vivid and eager of mind. In my recollection, she was always most interested in impersonal things, historical events, and celebrated people. Even stories seemed to fill her mind, so that her own affairs never appeared to bulk largely with her. This was all the more the case when she grew older and still frailer; in the last years she was able to throw herself out of her suffering frame into outside engrossing interests. She never gave any one who went to see her in bed (as she was chiefly latterly) time to ask how she was, but at once plunged into the midst of one of these subjects. Not, indeed, that she was uninterested in our affairs, but her mind often found relief and pleasure in wider fields. She very often took an unusual view of the questions of the day, and certainly never was swayed by the conventional view. In spite of this unconventionality, she was conservative, and what would be called Tory in her ideas, and I believe it is the case that in a family intensely Free Church she never really approved thoroughly of the Disruption, and always said she, and she alone, had not 'come out.' I sometimes wonder if she saw further afield in this matter than many of her day and generation. She lived in conventional days, for the Victorian age was intensely conventional, and all her lapses from

conventionality were much commented upon. I remember being told in a shocked sort of way, that when she went out to a dinner party she often went to sleep in the drawing-room when with the ladies. That she woke up whenever the men came in, and that they all clustered round her eager to talk to some one so bright and amusing, only added to the enormity of her offence. I believe she was entirely innocent herself of any consciousness of giving annoyance, for she often told me how tired she was with sitting still at a dinner party, and that she felt she must sleep for a minute or two.

My grandparents lived for a good many years in Castle Terrace in Edinburgh, their house looking out on the Castle Rock. I have always thought they must have felt very much in the centre of what was going on. Edinburgh was an interesting town in those days, when people seemed to have more leisure for real enjoyment of life than they have now. While living in Castle Terrace, Dr. and Mrs. Hanna made their house the centre of a literary circle, Dr. John Brown, Dean Stanley, Thomas Carlyle, Professor Blackie, Dr. McGregor, Professor Campbell Fraser, and many others constantly meeting there, and my grandmother has herself often told me how she enjoyed walking along Princes Street in the forenoon and meeting some of these notabilities, and inviting them to come to an informal evening party the same day.

So long as I can remember, my grandmother never got up for breakfast. It was always something of an adventure for us to go as little children to her room in the mornings, where she slept with her windows tight shut, the shutters closed, and the

curtains, not only of the windows but of the four-post bed, drawn and pinned together. I have a distinct recollection of getting up on the sofa at the foot of the bed, unpinning the curtains and looking in on my grandmother in bed. She was wearing a white nightcap and a sealskin jacket, in which attire she had passed the night. (I believe she also had on an eiderdown petticoat, but that was not visible.) In this warm, if stuffy garb, she had her breakfast, read and wrote her letters, and received a stream of visitors, more often male than female. The grandparents of the present day, who play tennis and golf with their grandchildren, seem separated from mine by a great gulf.

My grandmother had a whimsical mind. The last, or nearly the last, time she was out of doors, she took me with her in a cab to visit 'the cemetery.' It was a raw cold day in November, just the sort of day when Edinburgh looks its worst. I believe I started under the impression that we were going to visit my grandfather's grave, and did not like to ask questions, so I was surprised when we went to another of the old city cemeteries, and still more surprised when I was told we were going to visit the grave of an old friend of her own, recently dead, and that her old friend had in his youth, twenty years or more previously, embezzled a large sum of money, and had fled from justice, living the remainder of his life as an outlaw. Indeed, I do not think he had ever returned to his old home until he was brought there dead. My grandmother said she had always felt sorry for him, and knew no one was likely to visit his tomb or to sorrow over his grave. This was explained while we walked down various

pathways, and it was some time before we found what we were looking for, as there were only two letters, initials of his name, marked on the stone. I have never been back there, and I wonder if any one now knows or thinks about that nameless grave.

It seems a long way between the old lady I knew and the bright young girl of the letters and the journal, the one beginning and the other ending life. It was both long and short, for the experiences of life had set a deep gulf between the two ages, yet the same personality remains true to itself throughout. Anne Chalmers had all through the same power of attracting love and devotion. Few women can have had more; not only her friend, Anne Parker, but her sister Eliza and her daughter, all loved her with an absolute singleness of devotion that is very, very rare, and by all her descendants her name is held in honour and esteem. It is as a memorial of a great friendship as well as for their own sake that these letters and journals are now printed.

A. C. B. C.

ST. ANDREWS

EDUCATION

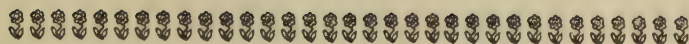
THE letters which follow are the earliest of the many written in the course of the sixty years'-long correspondence between my mother and the friend to whom they are addressed. They were written when the writer was fourteen years of age. The exact spelling and phrasing of the originals have been retained. It will be noticed that for reasons of economy in postage the letters are apt to be accompanied by a number of enclosures for different people. For the same reason they were often crossed and sometimes recrossed.

Of the Journals, the first was written for young friends in Scotland, when Anne Chalmers was seventeen. The second—a retrospect, was written some fifty years later.

I wish to thank my niece Annie (now Mrs. T. Bennet Clark) for her valuable assistance in the arranging of the Letters and Journals. Without her encouragement, I am sure I should never have attempted the task.

M. G. B.

*12 Eglinton Crescent,
Edinburgh.*



ST. ANDREWS—EDUCATION

St. Andrews,
14th Oct. 1826.

My dear Ann,

I am much ashamed of having been so long of writing to you. I was agreeably surprised by a letter from Susan,* a few days before I received yours. It was so kind of her when she was so much engaged. I was very much surprised by Mr Henry Wood's death. He walked with us to the coach that was to take us to Newhaven and was in perfect health I believe, a few minutes before his death. Papa did not come home so soon as I did; he had been visiting at some places; he did not hear of it till he got to St. Andrews. An old acquaintance of mine is come to be a boarder at Mrs. Cowan's.† I was very intimate with her in Glasgow. Her name is Miss McNeesh. Mrs Cowan's eldest daughter died about three weeks ago, therefore the school was deferred for a week. We have been begun a fortnight. I have given up Geography this year and in its stead have begun globes. On Wednesday the 4th October I got a little sister, we think we'll call it Helen ‡ Jemima. Mamma is pretty well, she has been up for three days. Papa would have written sooner but he wished to see first how Mamma was. Give my love to Georgina and I thank her for her kind note or rather postscript. Eliza § has not been well for two days. She complains of headache and sore throat. Eliza is learning her lessons very perfectly and hopes to be able to secure a prize. Do write soon & Believe me

Your afft. Friend

Miss Ann Parker.

A. CHALMERS.

* Susan Parker, afterwards, *Mrs.* Darroch.

† Headmistress of a school at St. Andrew's.

‡ Helen, fifth daughter of Dr. Chalmers, died unmarried in 1887.

§ Eliza, second daughter of Dr. Chalmers, married 1839, Rev. John Mackenzie, Son of Sir George Mackenzie, Bart., of Coul, and died in 1892.

St Andrews,
Decbr. 1826.

My dearest Ann,

I really do not know how to begin, I have been so very long of answering your kind letter. I am in the same predicament with Susan and Miss Mary Wood of Edinburgh. I have no idea where Susan is. She has been a long time away from home. Whenever I understand she has returned I will write to her. I wrote a very long letter to Miss R. Hill lately by her sister; there were no less than seven pages of it. I heard with surprize the event which you mention in your letter. I hope Rosa and the pups are doing well. I am sorry I was so deficient in my duty as to neglect Rosa in my last letter; an omission which I did not think of till my letter was dispatched. I also forgot to tell you that we have now a French Governess, Mademoiselle Mathey. We have begun the exercises in the Grammar again and when we make no mistakes we get *Très bien* at the end of the exercise but when we miss an accent it is counted half a fault. I have had *très bien* very often of late. I was at one of Mr Charlssford's practisings about a month ago, as a spectator. He is to have another on Thursday. I do not know whether we shall go or not.

I am very sorry we are at war. I do not know whether my uncle will be sent to Spain or not. Margaret* is unwell just now and we think it is hooping cough which is now in town. All the cases have been very mild however. Eliza sends her best love to you. Give my best respects to Miss Parker.† I hope you will be able to make out St. Andrew's this winter. I shall be very much disappointed if you do not.

Believe me,

Yours afftely,

ANNE CHALMERS.

Miss Ann Parker.

* Margaret, fourth daughter of Dr. Chalmers, married in 1853 Mr. Wm. Wood, C.A., Edinburgh, and died in 1902.

† Governess to the Parker family.

St. Andrews,
19th April 1827.

My dearest Anne,

I shall not attempt to vindicate myself for delaying so long an answer to your letter. I hope however when you receive this, your generosity will move you to forgive me. There was a sale in Dundee lately for which I made several things. We have a holiday the first Monday of every month to make any little ornament we choose. There is a rule in school now that we are to speak French constantly and there is a large wooden mark fastened round the neck by a ribbon, which badge I have at present the pleasure of wearing. The person who has it watches all the others of her class and if she detects any unfortunate girl speaking English she immediately transfers the mark (as it is called) to her. Our class is the highest and there are only six in it but they are so very careful that it is very difficult to 'pass the mark' to them. The account you gave of the concert is a very amusing one. Have you heard of the death of Beethoven. He was in very poor circumstances I believe. I have been playing his symphony. Miss Hutcheson is with us at present. She thinks the world in a very strange state and has terrified me completely with talking of a revolution. I have been reading Mme de la Bochejaguelin's account of the French Revolution and am at present in a state of great alarm. Do write to me to cheer me. I think it must be delightful to get letters on my birthday which takes place on the 5th of May. Give my love to Susan and tell her so. I hope both of you will take the hint. With love to everybody Believe me

Yours afftely,

ANNE CHALMERS.

P.S. I have been trembling ever since I heard of this revolution.

St. Andrews,
14th May 1827.

My dearest Anne,

I was very glad indeed to receive your letter which arrived on my birthday. It was very kind of Susan to write to me when she was in such a hurry. I shall like very much to shew you all the places about St. Andrews and all the walks. I am in school from eleven till 12 and from $\frac{1}{2}$ past 1 till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 3 except on Mondays and Thursdays when I go at ten in the morning and leave at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 1. Besides I have to practise 2 hours at home and to learn my lessons. We are obliged the first Monday of every Month to go to school for fancy work. If you are here on that day I hope you will come with us and make something. I have a pincushion from the Edinburgh bazaar in the shape of a lyre, and one I got from a young lady in Cupar in the shape of a doll. I hope you got the novel finished in time. I am sure you will have much pleasure in seeing Edinburgh. You will of course see the museum with which I am sure you will be delighted. It is fit for the study of weeks; there are so many different things in it. At one visit you can only notice slightly the various curiosities. Pray give my love to the young stags under the glass and also to the young lion which by Professor Wallace's desire I took in my arms but he told me to put it down quickly lest Dr. Jameson should be angry. Present my affte. regards to Miss Parker. I hope Susan may have a pleasant jaunt. I shall expect an account of it afterwards. Excuse this ill-written letter and believe me

Yours very affectly.

ANNE CHALMERS.

Miss Anne Parker.

(In Dr. Chalmers's handwriting)

Tuesday, 9th October. 1827.

I daresay you would have no objection to change your royal blood for poor Job Chalmers' on reading this letter.*

* Some joke I do not understand.—M. G. B.

My dearest Ann,

I received your letter this morning when I was sitting in a favourite tree of mine with Fanny* in my arms. It is one I have great pleasure in taking a book to & I know you would like it. We have a large room at the end of one of the long galleries in which there are two beds & if you were to come we could sleep all together in it so nicely. I got your parcel & your note the other day, it did not reach us in Glasgow as I suppose had been intended. You wish to know how Mr McKirdie entertained me. If you have got my notes I am sure you cannot be mistaken as to *one* very powerful method he took for that effect; I mean the ginger-bread snaps, &c. I could not at first make out how James† could know that Mr McKirdie came to comfort me but now I recollect that I went to stand on the place we went on that day at Arran & Mr McK. told me I should not go; it was so windy & I suppose James saw him come. He assisted me to decipher Mr Sconesby's poem & spoke to me & pointed out the seats we passed & made himself very agreeable in different ways. I left Dr. Rainy's‡ at six o'clock on Tuesday for Mrs Ramsay's. There were a great many people there at tea who teased me with that everlasting question Whether do you like Glasgow or St. Andrew's best? Then I am sure I did not like either of them, as I thought of nothing but Fairlie. After tea we played at a game called Lottery. A Lady called Eliza & I into a room & gave us each bags in a present & also sent a little box for Grace.§ I was very much amused at different parts of your letter. I suppose it was because when people are melancholy they see everything through a darkened medium that you even suppose the very *sea blubbers* looked sad or perhaps they might regret me who had taken such an interest in them. Do you recollect the one we saw when we were on the wharf and that we

* A favourite dog.

† James Parker.

‡ Dr. Rainy, of Glasgow, and father of the late Principal Rainy.

§ Grace, third daughter of Dr. Chalmers, died unmarried in 1848.

poked with sticks? What happy days to spend! Do you remember when we used to stand upon your wharf & watch the *Crabs*? Will you ever try to catch them now? I have not seen any in St. Andrew's but whenever I see them it will remind me of the happy days we used to have with them. Last week when I came home (which we did on Thursday) I thought every day of what I had done & where I had been that day week, but now I must think of what I did a fortnight ago.

I went to school on Monday & today I begun drawing after practising strait lines &c. I got an old Castle to draw so very like the Fairlie one. Eliza is to learn Music with Miss Hills* who is much better than she used to be I understand.

Professor Leslie is coming to dinner today & Papa has told Eliza & I to take care of our hearts, he is so very handsome. I believe he has purple hair which you know will be quite captivating. It is so much prettier than *black* or any other colour 'after dinner.' It is a great shame Mr Leslie wears a wig and I have not seen his purple hair. I am amused at your intention of keeping the sweeties till next summer. There are so few of them & they are not Dundee sweeties. I will bring with me another bag when I come. Mamma says we cannot come in Spring and says it too in rather a decided manner. It makes me so melancholy when I think of the immense space between me & the dear inhabitants of Fairlie. Fanny is very nice. I have not ventured to take her much out in the streets. I took her one day as far as the library but she does not seem to have the habits of well trained dogs. She flies so quickly that one is quite afraid of losing her. Mamma wishes her to sleep in the kitchen but she always comes to the door of our room & if she does not succeed in obtaining admission, sleeps there all night. I daresay if she knew I were writing she would send love to Rosa.† Give my kindest regards to Miss Parker & to Susan whom I expect to have the

* Miss Hills, music mistress, at Mrs. Cowan's school, and very cross!—
M. G. B.

† Rosa, the Parkers' dog.

pleasure of seeing in November, a period I look forward to with delight. Remember me also to George* and Mrs Parker. Do write to me soon. I am so happy when I get a letter from you. I could say a great deal more if I might but I must leave room to write to Marianne.†

Believe me

I remain

Ever yours sincerely

ANNE CHALMERS.

(Enclosures with the above Letter.)

My dear Marianne,

I am afraid that by the time this reaches you you will have left Fairlie but you may leave word for Anne Parker to read it for you. How I wish you were here. We could have such delightful fun. There are such long galleries in the house‡ & green doors & all kinds of frightful things. Green doors always remind me of the covered picture in the *Mysteries of Udolpho*. I hope you will not fulfil your threat of leaving Fairlie on the tenth, for if you do this letter will never have the good fortune to be seen by you. I was very much obliged to you, my dear Marianne, for your letter. I am so happy when I hear from distant friends. I daresay you will laugh at the ridiculous size of my paper but I had so much to say that I knew it would not be contained in an ordinary sheet. 'Everything must have an end' (as the man said when he finished the venison pasty) & so must my paper. 'Good bye' as the thief said to the hangman &

Believe me

Your very affect. Friend

ANNE CHALMERS.

* George, another Parker brother.

† Marianne Wynne, a friend of the Parkers.

‡ The house was St. Leonard's, now part of the well-known girls' school of that name.

My dear Anne,

The children were very much delighted with the toys;
the top of Margaret's clock is broken off.

I remain,

Yours affectionately,

E. CHALMERS.

P.S. I send my love to Marianne.

My dear Rosa

I hope you are well and not so fat as you were.

Yours,

FANNY.

P.S. I am as fat as you.

Papa saw my letter lying & took it up & read it & was much amused at the 'quantity of sentimentality lavished upon sea blubbers and Crabs' & particularly at the expression I used in saying we had spent such happy days with the Crabs.

Tuesday: I have begun to feel a dislike to have too many correspondents, that is to say, correspondence with people whom I have only known and met in school & whom I might not care for when I grew up. So I had determined never to ask any body to write to me or to give them the slightest encouragement to do so but everything proves ineffectual. When I was in Glasgow Miss Ramsay asked me to write to her & so did Miss Mirrlees (whom I saw for a few moments) but I internally determined not to write to either. You can easily comprehend why I should not like to be involved in a correspondence with Miss Mirrlees. However today a letter arrived all the way from London from a Miss Ramsay whom I had known in school & who would certainly have been the last person I should ever have thought of writing to as I did not think her very nice. And what compels me to answer it is that she has sent a very handsome necklace for which it is necessary I should thank her. How I wish I were in Fairlie!

Tuesday. I have been drawing a Cross & a gate leaning

against another & some trees today. The trees are such frights. They could scarcely be known to be trees. I should like to be able to take sketches when I come to Fairlie next Summer. I cannot help talking as if I was sure of coming. I hope I shall. I look forward to Susan coming in Winter with the greatest pleasure. I hope she will come when Mrs Pratt* is here. She is to be Mrs Pratt soon I suppose. I only wish you were coming too. I believe George is. I am sure you would like my favourite tree so much. I often sit in it & fancy that *some* of my friends are coming & think I see them enter in at the garden door.

Miss Hills asked me the other day if *Miss Parker* had been practising much during the hot days, I mean during the Summer. Strange to tell I have neither seen Mr Knox nor Miss Jane Mowat since I came home. I daresay Miss Mowat will say 'I hope you left Miss Parker well. She was a great favourite of mine; I thought her a fine lassie;' & Mrs Knox I suppose will call me Missy as she used to do. I hate so to be called Missy. Farewell for a few days. I could say a great deal more if I might.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

ANNE CHALMERS.

I saw some beautiful shortbread on the table a little while ago.—*Private*.

Miss Ann Parker.

Tuesday, 30th Oct. 1827 A.D.

My dearest Anne,

I received your very kind letter this morning with the greatest pleasure. Your letters are to me everything that is refreshing, they are like water in the sandy desert; like a glass of beer after a trip to Bute. However, there is one thing I do not understand. You say it is the 5th letter you have written me while it is in fact only the 2nd I have received. Your

*Mrs. Pratt, wife of Captain, afterwards Sir Thomas, Pratt, was a Miss Cooper.

other letters have never reached me & for a long time I have been wondering every day why you had not written. However I hope I shall receive them some time as I conjecture you have sent them by a parcel which may arrive. Better late than never, you know, as the old toothless man said when he bought a toothbrush. I envied you so much when I read the account of the fun you had had. It is so provoking that I should never have seen Miss Caroline Goold whom I wished so much to see. I often dream I am at Fairlie. Sometimes I have *very* pleasant dreams on the subject & at others very melancholy; indeed I often think I am having it & you & all my friends with me. What fun you must have had that night at the Goolds. How I wish I had been there. I would have enjoyed it so much! How very *Irish* it was of Mr Frederick to have thrown himself on his face. It would never do in a Scotch man but people always make allowances for national vivacity in his case. Poor Marianne! Will you give her my very kindest love when you write next. I very often think of her. You know we were always particular friends. We expect Uncle & his lady on Saturday week. By the time you get this they will be married. The ceremony is to take place on Thursday, first Novr. I suppose Susan & they will be here at the same time. I will be very happy. I am prepared to like Fanny* extremely. With some additions our circle would be complete. It would be so delightful if you were to come. I know you would like it. You would see Dumby Hunter as often as you chose. I see him almost every day. Do not you envy me? I am going tonight to Mrs Cowan's to tea. The last time I was there you were with me. How very ill I am writing. I fear you will not be able to understand, I mean, to read it. The Misses Swan† have not yet come. They are expected this week. Fanny‡ has a cough which arises I think from being bathed in cold weather. I took her the other day to the seashore &

* Fanny was Mrs. Thomas Pratt's christian name.

† Misses Swan were school friends of Anne Chalmers.

‡ The dog.

bathed & when I was going about with her I saw a thing which would have shocked you as it did me extremely. Some people came with a great dog which they took to the end of a rock & put him into the sea & shot him there. I heard his cries distinctly. They fired 3 times with a pretty long interval between them & in these times I saw it going backwards & forwards. I ran away as fast as I could but could not escape hearing all the pistols. A sailor told me he supposed it was mad but I do not think that possible as before it was shot it was going about quite loose. By the by Fanny is very ill-natured & snappy. I cannot understand her at all. When Mamma comes into the room she jumps on her & seems quite glad to see her but if she attempts to touch her she begins to growl. The children dare not touch her yet except at dinner time. She is chained in the kitchen every night although she much prefers our room & every morning she comes to the door & scratches to get in. To sum up her good qualities, she is as fat as Rosa & very like her in temper. I don't think you mention whether Mr O'Leary danced that night. I should like to see him dancing. I suppose it is in consequence of your great communications with Irish people that you have begun to make bulls. You say Marianne is to get a letter from you by the *rest* of the Goolds. I am in anxious expectation of your three letters. I expect to have a great deal of amusement in the perusal. Fanny has just jumped upon me & looks very inquisitively at me. It is very fond of Eliza & so I think if the others were to go boldly to it it would not snap at them. It one day ruffled the skin of Margaret's hand. I hope dear Susan will be here soon. Will you give my kindest regards to Miss Parker & tell that I follow her advice in things viz. in walking a little every morning before breakfast & in writing out French for myself at home independently of my school exercises. The book I use for that purpose is Mon. Le Baron de Stael's *Views of England*. Both Eliza & I will ever remember with affection the kindness with which she treated us in Fairlie. I spoke to Miss Mathey on the subject of *Corinne* in French &

Mrs Cowan says that she thinks it is now time for me to enjoy the beauties of Mad. de Stael's style so I am at present reading her *Allemagne*, after which I shall read *Corinne*. It is near post time or I could finish the sheet with the greatest ease. Remember me kindly to Mr and Mrs Parker & James when you write to him. George & Catherine send love to Margaret. Goodbye, My dearest Anne

& Believe me,

Yours affectly.

ANNE C.

My dear Anne,

I am going to tell you about the toys; the leg of the lion is broken off—that I prophesied; and the head of the swan on Margaret's clock is lost and the dial-plate of Grace's is broken off, the chairs are all broken, one all the legs and back, the other only the hindlegs. The candlesticks are squeezed and Margaret says 'only the dolls are not broken that are in the glass case.' Oh! how I wish you were here.

Yours affectionately,

ELIZA CHALMERS.

I said what Margaret said.

Excuse Eliza's bad Grammar.

Miss Anne Parker.

St. Andrews,

Monday (1827).

My dearest Anne,

I intend to write a little every day this week. I am going to School just now. I shall resume my letter when I come back.

Tuesday. I had not time to write any more yesterday for when I came from school Susan and Fanny and I went to the Maiden rock from which Susan took a sketch of St. Andrews. I should have said began to take, for a mist arising from the Tay spread over the city before she had completed it. On Saturday, Papa & Mr McVicar & Susan & I and Fanny

went to the Kinkeld Cave & the Rock & Spindle. We wished you had been with us. I hope it is a pleasure in Store for you. To return to the history of Monday. A large party came to tea. Mr McVicar accompanied Susan on the violincello. He is going to write some poetry in my Album. He has written some very pretty lines for Susan. I am netting a red claret-coloured purse for Uncle. I must be very diligent. I am going on with Italian. There are some slight differences between the Grammars. Ours says that the article *lo* is used before words beginning with *s* followed by *any* other consonant as *lo studio*. I think yours says it is only words beginning with *sp*. Fanny has left us tonight!!!!!! She has distinguished herself by numerous petty ill-natured acts. Nobody dares touch her that is not well acquainted with her. Several people were at dinner here last week & a lady, although Fanny growled & Eliza told her not to touch it, brought her hand into too close contact with Fanny's mouth. The consequence was her glove was torn through & her hand a little lacerated. Fanny is certainly cross but she is very fond of us & that makes us like her. She is to be boarded with an old servant of Grand Mamma's about a mile from us so that we can walk to see her often if we want her in for two or three days we may go for her. I have been reading over tonight all the letters you have written since we left Fairlie. They revive many recollections of our Fairlie amusements & conversations. I hope you will write often for the pleasure of reading your letters is somewhat similar to that of reading *Corinne*.

Wednesday afternoon. They have all gone out to dinner & we are left to amuse ourselves as we can. I have been playing Duncan Grey and John Anderson my joe. I believe they are favourites of yours & of mine also. I must now relate to you a little adventure Eliza & I had today. We could not support Fanny's absence so we walked to see her. There were two roads which branched off & all we knew of the person we were going to see was that she was boarded at a wright. So we enquired of a person we saw which of the

roads it was & she told us the one to the right. So we went on until a girl directed us to cross a field. On coming to the house we heard a dog's bark & saw a black dog approach us whom we supposed to be Fanny. But a moment was sufficient to undeceive us! It was a large ugly dog that came to frighten us away. I had some pieces of sugar that I had intended for Fanny which I determined to give it if it came too near but however it kept at a good distance. Upon enquiry we discovered we were quite at the wrong place & were shown a way across some stubble fields by which we could get to the right place. There were cows in the field & Eliza had on her tartan mantle but we kept at a distance from them. At last we arrived at the house & Fanny was so glad to see us. I don't think she will like a cottage so well as a large house. I think it was this day nine weeks that a number of people came to tea. I made a boot pincushion that night. I will send you thoughts by Henry Keele as I believe you did not finish them in your Album. I have written them in mine.

Friday. Has not Eliza sent you some very elegant lines commencing with 'twas Judy Shee You'll all agree?' She has put them in my Album as an accompaniment to 'Paddy was an Irishman.' I finished my purse last night. I have only taken a week to it. It looks very well. Last night I slept with Susan as my Uncle Alexander* had come during the day. What a melancholy day tomorrow will be. It will resemble the sorrowful day of our parting at Fairlie. I hope you will come with Susan to St. Andrews in Summer, then you may visit Kinkeld cave and perhaps we may be allowed to go back to Fairlie with you. I daresay when we meet next we shall have become very grave and dignified ladies and shall look with an air of great contempt upon such childish amusements as catching Crabs or sailing little boats. You know I shall then be 15. I like the idea of going to Edinburgh; we shall be so near each other & we can meet in a day's journey, but I fear we shall not have such long visits as formerly.

Friday night. I have been solacing myself with playing

* Alexander Chalmers, M.D., younger brother of Dr. Chalmers.

'Isabel' (Mrs. Pratt has often seen her) 'Cam ye by Athol' and 'The Castilian Maid.' We are all writing such numbers of letters. Eliza is writing several to you and I am writing. Grace & Margaret are writing to their cousins & I believe they are to write to you & Eliza & I are writing Cards of acceptance for tomorrow night to a party at Mrs Cowan's. Some body had been calling at the house Fanny lives in & been told that she had cried all day after we left her. Poor Fanny! I think we are to call on her tomorrow. How is the 'dog of fame?' Remember me affectionately to Mr and Mrs Parker, George & James when you write to him. Perhaps I ought to be as reserved to the two latter as Eliza was (I think this day nine weeks) when she sent her best respects to James by Susan. I daresay you recollect it. Mrs Pratt has written some beautiful lines in my Album. They begin with

'Oh there is a dream of early youth
And it never comes again;
'Tis a vision of life & light and truth
That flits across the brain.'

She has written them in Susan's too. I cannot bear to think of tomorrow. It will be so melancholy. Uncle and Aunt will not be back from India for at least 5 years. I hope we shall see Susan next Summer but it seems very long at present. I must now end my long letter and leave room for Grace and Margaret. Farewell.

I remain, My dear Ann,
Yours affectly,

ANN CHALMERS.

Miss Parker will excuse me mentioning her in the postscript when she remembers that the postscript is generally the most important part of a Lady's letter. Give her my very kindest love. I am quite ashamed of having written this so ill but when one begins a long letter one has not patience to write it carefully.

I shall put down exactly what they tell me.

(*Enclosures with the foregoing letter*):

30th Nov. 1827.

My dear Anne,

Uncle and Aunt you may suppose are come long ago. I wrote to Cousin Ann tonight. Uncle promised me a black girl and a blue bird. The girl is only to be 8 years old. He said at first he would give me a black boy and a monkey but I rather chose a black girl. I think monkeys are mischievous creatures. I am very much obliged to you for the toys you sent me. Both the doll and the shovel are yet remaining. Margaret and I changed dolls but I have changed them back again.

I remain,

Your affectionate Friend,

GRACE CHALMERS.

My dear Ann,

Uncle has to give me a black boy and a monkey. I go to school. I am sewing a handkerchief. I am reading 'My broth is as thin as milk.' I have sheep and I have geese. They are toy sheep and geese. Grace has scent-bottles.

I remain,

Your affectionate Friend,

MARGARET PARKER CHALMERS.

Miss Ann Parker.

St. Andrews,

Tuesday (1827).

My dearest Anne,

I received your letter today. I mean Mamma received it when I was at school and I was quite delighted upon going into her room to find a treasure which I had had so little notion of. I have likewise a good deal to tell you and I shall begin with the most important thing. Now I verily believe you will be the first person in Glasgow who has heard of it. Well! it is the addition of another to my large stock of sisters. I am sure I shall like it very much. I am so glad that its

name is to be Fanny Agnes Cooper Chalmers.* I'll like her for Aunt's sake. It is such a little thing; about the size of Margaret's doll and it has such an old-looking face. They all say it is very pretty but I could never discover beauty in a thing of half an hour old. On that most melancholy Saturday that they all left us I received your parcel with the Amulet. I was much obliged to Miss Parker for her kind letter and yours also. I fear we shall not go from home next summer. Miss Mowat was here a little ago. She sends her love to you and says you are a great favourite of hers. She always says that when we go to Edinburgh we'll sometimes sigh for the retirement of St. Andrews. I am sure I shan't, for there is nobody here I would sigh in parting from. There are some very nice people I daresay, but still I don't care much about it. From the way they speak I suppose we shall always come every spare moment to St. Andrews. They say 'Oh you must come to St. Andrews for sea-bathing quarters' or 'You'll come every Christmas to eat your Christmas goose. Mrs Cowan has very few boarders. Miss Arnot, Misses Swan, Miss Innes, Miss Methuen, Miss Laing, Miss Tod, Miss Somerville, Miss Dickson, Miss Barbara Hills, a sister of the great Miss Hills, not the one that was here before. I don't recollect any more at present.

Peggy has just come into the room and told Miss Eliza that the baby has arrived at the extraordinary accomplishment of sucking its fingers. She seems lost in amazement at such an endearing accomplishment coming so soon. I think I shall hear from Aunt Pratt tomorrow. Mrs M'Lellan* is coming at Christmas I believe. I hope you will take this last opportunity of coming to St. Andrews. We would be so glad if you could come in summer. I hope you will be very diligent all this winter and try to make amends for your St. Andrews idleness. These two words St. Andrews and idleness I think are almost inseparable. Mrs Knox was here today when I

*Fanny Chalmers, sixth daughter of Dr. Chalmers, died unmarried in 1860.

* Mrs. M'Lellan, sister of Dr. Chalmers.

read your letter and when I came to the part where you say you do not like Sarabella Knox* I could not help laughing at Sarabella's name being so much honoured as to be in any letter written by you. When you write next will you send me two *very beautiful* verses in your scrap book? The title is *A Storm* commencing by 'Hark the loud thunder.' In one of the *Blackwood* magazines there is a very nice affecting story called 'Chapters on Churchyards' about a Swiss lady, Blanche d'Alphi. Have you read it? Grace sends love to Ann Rainy and you. Eliza and I join her. I hope you will always cross your letters as I can read them perfectly and I like so much to read your letters. Goodnight. I'll have a little more conversation with you tomorrow.

19th Decbr. Mamma had a good night and is pretty well today.—How do you like 'Rousseau's Dream?' I remember being scolded by Miss Hills at that piece. As Mr Webster is better natured than Miss Hills I hope your fate will be happier than mine.

I don't understand about your letter being so long of coming here. It is dated the 6th and it came here the 10th. I daresay Susan is gone home now. Give my love to her and Miss Parker and any body you choose besides. I have not yet given your love to Mrs Cowan's *young ladies*, as you have begun to call them. I saw Dumby Hunter today, apparently in good health and spirits. I did not speak to him. This climate is too severe for catching Crabs although Eliza and I sometimes speak of our happiness in pursuing that occupation at Fairlie. It is very windy today.—Did I ever point out to you what a lightening of expense it will be in Edinburgh to have a penny or 2d. taken off the postage of our letters? How nice it will be to be able to go in a day, but I am afraid we shan't have such long meetings as here. Do write soon. I think it was after I had dispatched one of my folio sheets that I read somewhere about the huge volumes some young ladies were in the habit of writing to

* Sarabella Knox, descended from a brother of John Knox, and an old friend of the Chalmers family.

each other. However I hope you will write as long and longer than ever and Believe me to be

A. C.

Miss Anne Parker.

St. Andrews,
15th Jan. 1828.

My dearest Anne,

Your most welcome letter arrived last week and I am going to write as long and I think a longer letter, making allowances for my small writing. Mamma is pretty well and the baby is a very pretty child, they all say, and particularly like Miss Parker, especially about her mouth. I have been at Kirkcaldy since I wrote to you. On Friday before New Year's day Papa & I went & staid at Grandpapa's.* Next morning Papa went over to Edinburgh when he did not enjoy himself much as he was obliged to keep his bed almost all the time he was there with a gum boil. He is now pretty well & meets his class every morning. But to return to Kirkcaldy: I enjoyed myself very much there. There was a young lady there, a niece of Mrs Pratt (senior) with whom I often talked of what we used to do at Fairlie. I told her a great many of our amusements there. She was a nice enough girl from all I could see of her. There were a number of nice books there, among others I read one *Frederick & Louisa* and another *The Nine Days' Wonder*. The former was in letters, but a very nice story. I would not like to read *Kenilworth Castle* if it is so melancholy. I one day saw it lying & took it up at the last part, just where the countess falls into the dungeon. Eliza has been making poetry which (she told me) is perfect both in rhyme & rhythm. She has addressed it to Grace as follows.

NURSERY RULES

I

Stop stop my child and do not run
Without a bonnet in the sun.

* 'Grandpapa' was Captain Pratt.—M. G. B.

2

Do not my sister be so rude
For it to you will do no good.

3

Suck not your tongue, pinch not your neck
Or of the habit you'll ne'er break.

4

Put not your finger in your mouth
For fear they send you to the south.

But this has not been her only attempt at composition. She is writing a fairy tale and she made a serious complaint to me last night that there were so many fairy tales like hers that she would be accused of being a 'Copier!!' It begins thus 'There was once a man who had two sons called Tom & Jack. Tom was 6 & Jack 5 when their father died. He left them little or nothing and, young as they were, they resolved to seek their fortune. Tom took some bread & cheese & went out. At last he came to a forest where he saw a beautiful young lady who spoke to him thus "My little boy, know that I am a fairy & that I can make your fortune. Shut your eyes and turn round three times & open them again." He did as he was bid and no sooner had he done so than he found himself in a beautiful garden surrounded by young ladies and in the midst of them to his great surprise he saw his brother Jack.' She has not made any more.

16th. *Wednesday*. We are now at the dancing with Mr Charlsford. I believe at one time you determined never to learn dancing lest it should spoil your natural grace. You might with great safety learn it here; at least there would be no danger of your natural grace being destroyed by the introduction of an artificial one. It is the most ludicrous thing I ever saw. To-day they were dancing waltz, a great number of them; and by the time the air was finished they had not got to their places, so that there was a general run to their places. And then there is such a jostling and pushing to get through that I am kept in a state of risibility all the time.

We are reading Hull's *Voyages to Foochow* in the evenings. Do you ever read one of Constable's Miscellanys containing an account of the Rebellion? It certainly heightens Fairlie in my esteem (notwithstanding all Mr Mackay would say to the contrary) that our dear Prince Charles Edward Louis Phillippe Cassimir Stuart has graced it with his presence. Fairlie has many attractions for me, but this adds another to the rest. I would so much like again to mount the broken staircase of the little Castle. I wonder if the Prince ever ascended it.—The Misses Swan wrote each a piece of original poetry in the scrap book you gave me. Albums are descending fast, Grace and Margaret have each little paper things that they call their scrap books. Eliza has a very nice one. The children like very much the pieces you wrote in my scrap book especially 'He got all the wood.' When you see the Misses Semple tell them that Miss Chalmers and 'little Miss Eliza' send their love to them. I am very busy at present. Dancing takes up a great deal of time, as the Shrimps said. I am drawing two dogs just now. I dislike animals very much and such poor forlorn creatures as mine are were never seen. I like landscapes very much.

Friday 10th. I was going to tell you that the Misses Swan had written poetry for me but I find I have told you already. Miss Jane's is termed 'The Muses Lamentations.' I have read the Bachelor's Treat! You ask me to tell you why I do not wish to write to Miss Mirrlees? Well! I have begun lately to be very particular as to the people I promise to correspond with (which makes it a much great compliment to those I admit into that happy number) whereas formerly I used to think it nice to get as many as I could; the more the better was my idea on the subject. Now suppose I were to begin to write to Miss Mirrlees, it would be awkward to be the first to break off and if I were to continue till I grew up it would be rather curious to be writing to a person of whom I know so little and for whom I cared so little. Now do you not think I have demonstrated to you in a very satisfactory manner the reason for not writing to Miss Mirrlees? How-

ever you may, if you see her again, give her my best respects. I daresay you have been wondering what in the world has put it into my head to write in red ink,* but I recollect Mr Wood saying last winter that his sister Mary crossed sometimes with it to make it more legible; if it has the effect pray tell in your next letter. You talk of a piece of Byron's called Monday which you admire so much. The quotation you have given from it viz.

‘When the last sunshine of expiring day
In summer twilight wipes itself away:’

I do not like the *simile*. It puts me too much in mind of that most unpoetical of all objects, Peggy wiping the crumbs off the table at tea-time. Talking of tea, there are a number of students coming to-night, whom I suppose I must entertain at least with tea & shortbread. You cannot think how tiresome they are. Mrs McLellan is here but I have to make tea and sit at the head of the table though I hope she will take that duty from tonight. I daresay you will now say ‘Of all the ridiculous things in the world the most ridiculous is Anne at the head of a table.’ But I can assure you I preserve an appearance of great dignity. I am not quite sure whether black ink be not quite as good as red, but do you tell me when you write. I believe you do not like Sarabella Knox, neither do I! I shall send this letter by Mrs Collins, who is I believe coming to-morrow and will depart on Monday. I wish you were here. We should have such fun at the dancing. I generally dance with Fanny Chevelisky, a little girl in whom I take a great interest. I will tell you about her to-morrow.

Monday: I see I promised to tell you about Miss Chevelisky. Well, her father was a Dane and he was massacred once when if the people had not mistaken him for an Englishman he would have escaped. Her mother was very beautiful and died when she was very young. Fanny will be a countess, people say, and she is the prettiest (in my opinion) in St.

*This part of the crossed letter is written in red ink and is almost undecipherable.—M. G. B.

Andrews, either big or little I think there is a kind of romance about her story, which gives her an interest in my eyes. Mrs McLellan left us on Saturday for Anstruther, intending to return in the morning, but we had a note from her saying that the baby of the lady she had gone to visit was dying and she could not come. She is going to Kirkcaldy soon. My uncle there has been unwell & my cousin too. On Saturday Mr. McVicar was at tea, he had taken Eliza & my scrap-books (I don't think that is good grammar) to write something in them. Whenever he comes there is always instructive & interesting conversation. He told a story of having last summer caught a crab and put it into a box and this winter there are a number of mushrooms growing on its back. Mr Collins is not come yet. Tell Susan that I have had a letter from Mrs Pratt to-day and that she is soon going to write to her (Susan). I have not told you that Fanny spent a day or rather a night with us lately, she & her *gouvernante* came in to St. Andrews to tea the other week. Fanny's joy was most ecstatic; she ran screaming upstairs into our room. Oh by the by will you tell James that I was looking at Johnston's *Lives of the Poets* and saw his favourite poem 'Lycidas' called very ridiculous & absurd and had treasured it up in my own mind against him, until looking at Hayley's *Life of Cowper* I find that Cowper says in one of his letters that Johnston had been very unjust in decrying that beautiful poem 'Lycidas' in the way he has done, thereby shewing himself destitute of all sense of harmony. I hope James is better. I hope when James is Lord Chancellor he will not be laid up so much, as it will be very much against the happiness of the nation, but then the papers will be filled with notices of his health and it will be such a pleasure to his humble friends to tell everybody when they read it 'Oh that is melancholy: the Chancellor* is no better; well I am sure I never saw anybody so patient under sickness as my friend the Chancellor.'

* A curiously prophetic remark in view of the early death of James Parker when Vice-Chancellor.—M. G. B.

Wed. 22nd. I have been in the Cedar garden to-day walking. I went into the summer house and sat down on the same places as I had done when we had our strawberry feast. I went also to the little tower and entered the rooms that we went into then and on the mantel piece lay the identical beans that you took some of. Do you remember the seagulls? Mr Lyon Cambuk took a fancy to one of them & transplanted it into his own garden, where it died for want of water. The other still remains and had a duck for a companion, which, however, it has completely under its power. There is a little crow or jackdaw which some of the gardener's children picked up on the seashore that Grace took a fancy to and used to go down to feed it, so the Gardener gave it to her in a present and I go down to fill its little brown bowl with bread & milk every day. On these occasions I have frequently tried to make friends with the sea-gull and duck, but they were so frightened that they would not let me approach within 5 yards of them but now they have got very tame and run to me when they see me enter the garden. I feel so proud of having gained a victory over their natures. The duck is so very stupid in not laying hold of the opportunities I afford of getting something to eat that to-day I caught myself saying involuntarily 'What a goose that duck is.' It is amusing to see the gull after it has finished everything that was in the cup letting the duck approach and eat the crumbs. The crow is so tame that it would do your heart good to see it. Mr McLellan has come to-day; Mrs McL. came the day before yesterday. I am sure this letter is long enough; you will not be able to find the place, but I have marked the end of all the pages with figures to show you where to go next. Mr Collins has not arrived. I would advise you to read a quarter of an hour every day any time you can spare, till you have finished the letter. I have been reading Hayley's *Life of Cowper*. It is a book that I always take it into my head to read once a year, or rather into my hand. He writes nice letters. I wish I could write them as interesting; they would be more worthy your acceptance. But what's lacking in

quality is made up for in quantity. I only hope you'll be able to read this, especially that nasty red part. I do not think that speculation will succeed. Mr Davis was at breakfast but I did not see him because I had to go to School at 9 o'clock. I shall now take my leave, that you may not grieve nor think as a fetter the length of this letter but if it should come into my head it is probable that I may add a little bit more but you need not deplore for as I am throng it will not be long.

Believe me to be Yours truly
A. C.

St. Leonard's, 28 *March* 1828.

My dearest Anne,

I received Marianne's letter (I shan't say with pleasure, however true; it is so hacknied), but I received it walking along the *long* gallery between Mamma's room & my own, as it was on its way to the former who would doubtless have had the pleasure of reading it first had not I happened to pass at the moment. Will you write to me before the end of April to tell me Marianne's direction as I think I may have an opportunity by that time.——The dancing ended a week ago, & since that time I have every day intended to write to you, but somehow or other, it has been put off. I am very sorry the dancing is over; I am so fond of it. It concluded with a ball, which I attended, not to exhibit, of course, but as a spectator; and I danced a little after the scholars were done.——There have been a number of eccentric people here of late; among the rest I have had the honour of making tea twice for ten Gentiles and a *Jew*, or *Shoe* as he would call himself. Last night there was at tea a determined phrenologist. He examined all our heads and told us our characters exactly. I have conscientiousness; so have you, I believe.

29th *March*. He said both Grace & I have too much romance & that there must be nothing but reality! reality! reality! for us. No fiction but all truth. I don't relish that much, because the chief pleasure in life is living in an ideal

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WITHDRAWN

world & giving yourself up to your imagination. I daresay I am wrong, however, in that and there are certainly pleasures in reality, but a little romance I think is very pleasant. There were a great many people when he examined us, so it was lucky there was nothing very bad in our character. After my examination, whenever I happened to get near Mr Davies he always began to tell me I must not read anything but history & taking up some magazines he pointed to a picture and said it was the worst thing possible for me. There is a strange old gentleman of 60 come to College. He attends Classes all day and has such a cockney way of speaking. He talks of *hiron halterations*, *inventions*, &c. Since I wrote to you I have heard a man play on the musical glasses. It somewhat resembles an Eolian Harp. It is a wild sweet sort of melody but there is something not tangible about it. The same man (who is blind and has invented a method of teaching the blind music) played on four instruments at one time. Two violins, a violincello, and an instrument somewhat resembling a Jew's Harp. If he had kept to one he would probably have done better. I have had an idea for some time that Mrs McLennan* that was at Fairlie is dead. I do not know whether I have heard it or dreamt it. Will you be so good as tell me if it be true. A month or two ago when I went into the little house at the bottom of our garden I saw the identical beans on the Chimney piece that were there on the night of the strawberry feast. The *pigsty* is now, alas, a ruin, but it is changed to another place. Our house adjoins that of Dr Jackson,† P.N.P. and his nieces' room is next ours so that we can speak to each other perfectly. We sometimes try who will dress first in the morning, but I regret to say that they are much more regular than we, and are sometimes dressed before we awaken.

Mamma had a letter from Uncle the other day. Mrs Pratt is going to write to me soon. Mr MacVicar wrote some very pretty original verses in my Album & some funny

* Mrs. McLennan, probably a friend of the Parkers.

† Dr. Jackson Professor, of Natural Philosophy at St. Andrews.

ones in Eliza's. Hers begin thus: 'My dear Miss Eliza 'Tis enough to surprise a Man & much more a wife 'To see little girls, Not yet papering their curls, Take to Scrapbooks to while away life.' Eliza was quite indignant at his supposing she had not begun to curl her hair. Pray write to me sooner than I wrote to you. There is to be a number of young people here tonight. I wish you could come & bring Pat & Marianne. Remember Marianne's direction, for I think I shall have an opportunity* to Dublin when the Session closes. How quickly the winter has passed away! I hope you will come this summer. It is the last opportunity. I shall be a *little* sorry to leave St. Andrews. Do not think this letter short, but consider how much matter is in it. A Dieu.

HANNAH CHALMERS.

Miss Anne Parker.

17th April, 1828.

My dearest Anne,

Your letter came about half a day too late to write to Marianne. I had thought Mr Davis would not leave St. Andrews till the end of the session, but he went away on the 14th at 6 in the evening, and your letter came next morning. I thought of writing under cover to Mrs Gould, but I did not like to take that liberty. I am glad I did not for I should not like to intrude on Marianne at present. Poor Mr Wynne! he was such a nice venerable looking old man. What a change it must be from the festivities of his daughter's marriage. Marianne is in great distress I am sure. I think I shall write to her in a month or two but not at present. You complain of my last letter being too short. I do not think it was very short considering how small my hand is, how closely it was written and how every corner was filled up. I think this sheet is larger than my last and if necessary I shall cross it. —I have not added anything to your poesy as I do not feel my imagination of feelings much roused by the subject you have given me. I suppose the next verse ought to detail the

* An opportunity to send a letter by hand.—M. G. B.

probable consequences of them in the Erin casting their lot, such as ensuing sea-sickness etc. I like your aphorisms very much, they are very good.

8 o'clock. They have all gone out to tea but Papa and me. Papa has a gumboil, and I had a good excuse to stay & make tea for him. But to-night I had an opportunity of performing an experiment which I have been revolving in my mind long, viz. making tea with milk instead of water. So after one water tea, when Papa was reading an essay, I got some milk and boiled it in a pan, but to my consternation it boiled up suddenly at such a rate that I was quite frightened. However I made the tea & liked it very well. Papa had been roused by the hubbub of boiling over to a consciousness of what was going on and declared it a most ridiculous idea; however he tasted it but did not like it much. There is an enormous pile of books on the table just now that have come in to Papa, for prizes. As he was studying, I got leave to undo the package. They are very beautiful; Papa's prizes are generally the handsomest. The students are going to give him a token of esteem before he goes, viz. a large Bible in 7 languages. They once thought of giving him a piece of plate, which proposal was ably seconded by a Mr Spiers of Ellerslie, who said that Dr Chalmers had a great number of daughters and that a piece of plate might be useful to them but that a bible would not. But alas! Mr Spiers was over-ruled. It was a good argument but not very applicable. I don't precisely see what use plate would be to us.—You have not much reason to regret the dancing. Mr Charlsford gave Quadrilles, Country Dances and all sorts of nice things. I attended one of the Public practisings & the Ball and danced at both *after* the scholars. I am sure I should hate exhibiting *pas seuls* or *pas de deux trois quatre* etc. before such a number of people. I think I told you about the last Musical Glasses I attended. We have had another exhibition of the kind but better attended than the last. The room was crowded. Everybody was there. The whole College attended almost. The man sang several songs but very ill. He sang 'Charlie, Charlie wha wadna;'

it was rapturously applauded, and after it was done, Dr Playfair, a stout middleaged gentleman whom Susan has seen here, advanced to the front seats to speak to a Lady near me, at the same time calling out to the students 'Oh, you're all such Jacobites there, you'll always ruff for Prince Charlie,' much to their delight. He sang a Comic Song about the Glasgow Baillies going to see the King, but I did not like the grimaces he made both in that & the Laird of Cockpen; in both he sometimes pretended to take a pinch of snuff, which I did like. He had an optical exhibition afterwards. I liked it the best, but it ended by a skeleton which jumped about and whose scull changed places; it was in very bad taste. I had another drawback at that time. Happening to look round to speak to a young lady, I espyed a student whom I recollected having seen at St. Leonard's, so I thought it my duty to bow to him. But alas! it was the beginning of my torment. He commenced chattering & continued it all the time of the optics to my great annoyance. He was talking of the Music and, there being a rush among the students who were standing, I exclaimed 'But don't you think some of these people will be murdered?' I suppose he did not hear aright for his answer was 'Oh yes very nice, delightful'!! I could not help laughing but he was so tiresome. 'Oh look Miss Chalmers! How fine that baloon is. That's beautiful. Isn't it? It appears to recede, you know, but that is only appearance not reality—that's very fine. Isn't it now?' etc. etc. the whole night. By the by one of my acquaintances here is at present fitting out for India. She is a very nice girl. I cannot help thinking it a sacrifice of her to send her out. I am thinking of going out myself to Uncle; what do you think of that plan?—Can you find out why a lean Monarch is like a man meditating? I am reading in French Mde de Stael's *Allemagne*, in Italian *Novelle Morale di Soave*, in English *Philosophy in Sport* and *Josephus* which last I have nearly finished. I am going to begin *Tales of a Grandfather* by Walter Scott. The woman that had Fanny sent the other day to say that she had been stolen or lost. Eliza is very sorry & laments over having

taken her from Fairlie. I hope she will be found. I had a walk out to see her a few days before it happened. *Come si porta la Rosa?* Little Theodore Wood of Edinburgh was being taught by his eldest sister to say *Comment vous portez vous?* but he always said 'Come on you porter you.' My birthday will be on the fifth of May when I shall be 15 years of age.

I think I shall be sorry to leave St. Andrews and this nice house. But we shall meet much oftener than at present in Edinburgh. I do not think there is any chance of my getting to Fairlie this summer, but I hope you will come here.—The reason I signed my name Hannah was that in a French dictionary I saw that Hannah was the English of Anne so concluding they were the same I signed my name constantly for a while as Hannah and the children sometimes still call me so. I do not know what you supposed the reason was, but what I have told you is the true one. But I shall not sign myself so again. Miss Jackson thought my name was Hannah from a note I wrote to her once. We continue to talk to each other through the wall.—I am going to paint an immense work box in black & white. It is a great plague but somebody has given it to Mamma & it must be done before we go to Edinburgh. I want to finish my frock too and I am at present working it.

I hope you will write soon to me & I am afraid it will appear selfish to ask you to write on the large paper after having sent you small but I think I get as much into my small as you into the large for my hand is smaller & I write closer than you.

Believe me to be A. C.

P.S. When I wrote last to you it was the morning of the day we were to have a party. The two Hallidays were there who brought us oranges & sweeties. They are quite grown up now. I saw Dumby Hunter yesterday & shook hands with him. I have not seen your friend Donald Sutherland this year.

Friday 30th May.
St. Leonards.

My dearest Anne,

I am going to be very expeditious in answering your letter which I have received this morning.

I should be so happy to come to Fairlie this summer but Mamma's negative seems pretty decided. I wish you could come here. I shall not quite despair of seeing you this summer. I see Dumby Hunter very often & he always holds out to me the right hand of amity. I saw Mr Donald Sutherland the other day.—You must have been glad of your cousin getting so many prizes. The morning before our prizes were distributed the servant brought in to Papa a *document* which she had found pinned in the inside of the gate and which I have carefully preserved. It ran thus: 'To Let—the head of a learned professor. For further particulars enquire within. N.B. If nine tailors make a man how many will make a Professor L.L.D.? Answer: $\frac{3}{4}$ of a tailor.' The only thing is that Dr Jackson our neighbour is L.L.D. and Papa is not. However, that very day they brought him by way of furnishing his head a large Biblia Polyglotta. It is a very handsome book and Papa has been reading it ever since. The students asked the Professors if it might be given in the Parliament Hall when the prizes were distributed, but, as I heard, several of the Professors declared if it were they must leave the room. I wish they had given it there. It would have been so excellent to have seen them stumping out. I believe they are jealous about it. We went to see the prizes distributed. Papa is in Edinburgh at present. Mr Irving* has created a great interest there. Papa went to hear him but could not get in, there was such a crowd. One evening Mr Irving was at the house where Papa is at present when Papa was engaged out. When he came home he was told there had occurred rather a strange thing. A Gentleman told Mr Irving he preached false doctrine. Upon

* Edward Irving, one time assistant to Dr. Chalmers. He was very well known later as founder of the Irvingite Church, and a great preacher.

which Mr I. replied characteristically: 'Who art thou Oh Man! that smites me with thy words?' Mamma and the babies & Catherine* are going to Edinburgh on Monday Eliza & Margaret are to go as far as Kirkcaldy & remain there till the others return. Grace is going to Mrs Cowan's for a week so I shall be left quite *alone* with *three* servants.

Saturday 31st. I think nothing would be so delightful as if you were to stay with me next week. We should have rare jinketings by ourselves should not we? Now that the idea has entered my imagination I feel filled with it. Our room is very large and besides, being alone, we could have romps in the drawing room. Oh, it would be so delightful. Do you remember our biscuits and beer and the last feast we had. Well might the poet sing 'All that's *sweet* was made but to be lost when sweetest.' I read somewhere lately of a young lady of 17 who had a large fortune but who to her other charms added the faculty of being an excellent boon companion. In vain her friends tried to dissuade her on account of her shape from her ale-bibbing propensities. She said by continuing she could only lose a husband while a pot of good ale was the soul of her existence. Eliza has had an idle time of late. She has been delicate this winter, so Mamma has taken her from school for some time. She goes on with Music still however. She is doing very well in that department this winter. Miss Hills promised if she had a ticket 12 Music lessons together she would draw something in her Scrap book, but months have passed away but Miss Hills has still the book and Eliza thinks she'll be obliged to ask for it when she leaves St. Andrews. A month ago I got great additions to my album inasmuch as I had the good fortune to have a poet a whole night at my service. A *real* poet and one who has published a volume. He repeated Piece after Piece to me and I in common civility was obliged to ask him to put it in. So he carried off my book & sent it back with 6 or 7 pages filled. Some of his pieces are pretty but I confess I have not

* Catherine Forbes, their nurse, who remained in the family until her death.

read them all yet. I admire your extracts from Byron. I certainly admire him the most of the English poets. I feel I am not yet able to appreciate Milton sufficiently. But Scott's *Lady of the Lake* is beautiful. The following lines were quoted in the newspapers upon occasion of the Duke of York's death: 'When a Prince to the fate of a peasant has yielded, The tapstry waves dark thro' the dim lighted hall, With escutcheons of silver the coffin is gilded, And pages stand mute by the canopied pall. In the courts at deep midnight the torches are gleaming, In the proudly arched Chapel the banners are beaming, Far down the long aisle sacred music is streaming, Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.'

I am going to Miss Swan's next week. We have not yet found our poor Fanny. A great many beggars took fancies to her or tried to get her so I suppose one of them may have stolen her. A lady has just gone who has insisted on me taking a novel kind of pet viz. six silkworms. They are nasty ugly creatures but Grace declares that they are beautiful. I am afraid of not taking proper care of them. I am taking a view of the ruins from the dear little tower at the foot of the garden. It is a very elegant thing, as you may believe; but I want to practise drawing from nature as I do not see the use of copying. I fear everybody will take such pity on me for being left alone that I shan't have peace to stay a single night in this delightful solitude. Mamma desires me to say that if you see Mrs Dewar she would be much obliged to you, I mean your Mamma or Susan or Miss P., if you could interest her on behalf of a Miss Graeme as Mistress of Millar's Charity. Miss G. is applying at present. I hope you don't think it is indifference to Marianne that prevented me finishing your poem. I do not remember saying I had lost all interest in her, although I could not be expected to feel her leaving Fairlie on my own account as I was not there myself, so much as if she had been with me. When you go to Fairlie write to me & tell me how all our ancient walks & haunts look. Tell me what condition the wharf is in. Do you remember one day when we sat in a boat at that wharf and

when I threw one of Patrick's* flounders into the sea? Do you think you will ever attempt to cross the Lady's Bridge? I have finished *Josephus*; it is very interesting especially towards the conclusion. To human eyes it seems to have been almost an impossibility to have taken Jerusalem; indeed the Jews were worse than the Romans. Mamma hopes you will be able to make out a visit to St. Andrews this summer. Remember me afftly to Miss P. & Susan. Do persuade your Mamma to let you all come.

I am A. CHALMERS.

P.S. As I shall have an opportunity for this letter I shall enclose it.

Papa got lately some blocks of the Giant's Causeway. He sent some to Uncle Alexander and the Carrier Woman who took them said 'It was a pity to be paying sae muckle for stanes when they could get every bit as guid on the shore at Kirkcaldy.' Eliza is at present meddling with those nasty little ugly pets of mine and I really believe she will stab them through with a pin. An Irish gentleman & his family have come to town. He was in the Leith Church but left it from conscientious motives, so they are to be dressmakers and he wishes to form a class of Hebrew. I thought of going but I have enough to do without. He is very gentlemanly; much more so than the young people. I had such elevated ideas of what they would be, 'Melancholy & ladylike;' but my bright fancies have been destroyed. I like the Frenchman, his remark is shrewd: 'How sweet how passing sweet is solitude, yet grant me but one friend in my retreat, To whom to whisper solitude is sweet.' But as I cannot have you I don't want any other friend though I may have people to tea every night if I please. I intend going on Monday to get a song from Miss Duff, she invited me to come any night. Adieu ma chere Cousine, as Miss Bell Black says. *Je suis moi-même.*

A CHALMERS.

I have read *Bluestocking Hall*.

* Patrick, another brother of Anne Parker's.

St. Andrews,

Monday, June 18th 1828.

My dear Anne,

When I last wrote I was going to be solitary in which condition I remained a week. I liked it very much. Then I went to pay a visit to the Swans whom you know. I came home on Wednesday & found them all home but I was not permitted to come into the house as Margaret has the scarlet fever. I am with Mrs Cowan and I go down to St. Leonards every day to speak to them from the window. Margaret is not very ill. Probably by this time you may have heard of the accident in Kirkcaldy occasioned by the falling of the gallery. Eliza & Mrs Alexander,* Mrs Pratt† and her niece, Miss Mitchell and Mamma's cousin Miss Young were in it and came down. Mamma was sitting under the opposite gallery and saw them fall but retained her presence of mind to sit still until the crush was over, and when everybody had left the church she walked deliberately from one group collected round the dead & dying to another expecting to find her own friends among them. In one group she saw a lady stretched on the ground dressed in the same manner as my Aunt and when she came near she heard them say 'It's no use. She is quite gone.' Then she felt a chill come over her and was uncertain whether to look at her or not. At last she thought it would be wrong to spare her own feelings and to leave her sister. She looked at her face & found it was not her. Eliza was taken out of church and she sat down on a grave and called out 'Is this real? Am I alive or dead?' She says she felt quite frantic & that she ran up and down asking if people were killed. Eliza felt her side a little afterwards but all our friends were preserved. Aunt was sunk up to the neck in rubbish and felt herself sink when a gentleman pulled her out. About 30 were killed and many wounded. A number of people were

* Mrs. Alexander was Mrs. Alexander Chalmers, sister of A. C.'s mother, and married to a brother of Dr. Chalmers.

† Mrs. Pratt was Captain Pratt's third wife, and thus step-grandmother of Anne Chalmers.

quite frantic & tried to jump from the windows. Mr Irving saw one woman throw herself out, who was killed on the spot. He caught 30 people in his arms; whenever he saw anybody throwing himself out he told them to let himself drop down and he would catch him. It is striking that only two instances are known of death caused by the falling of the gallery. Grandmamma had just said that it would be dreadful if it were to fall when it did go down. It is remarkable that about a fortnight before there were doubts expressed about entering another church on account of a prophecy of Thomas the Rhymer which said a church in Fife should fall in 1828. I am afraid to cross the North Bridge in Edinburgh as there is a prophecy that it will fall 3 times. It has fallen twice & there is a crack in it. I have been rather provoked to hear people blame Mr Irving for the accident. One lady said boldly to me that she thought Mr Irving must be a great goose!! There was a strange paper in the *Sun* (a newspaper) which seemed to me below contempt, as there happened to be nothing in it but a tirade about mountebanks, but you would have been amused to hear the effect it had upon Eliza. Perhaps you remember once in our room at St. Andrews her indignation for some offence of ours. Somewhat similar was it against the unfortunate editor of the *Sun*; happy was it for him he was not within her reach, he would have run no small risk of annihilation. 'Asses! Fools! Really it was quite ridiculous, I cannot help laughing' exclaimed she bursting into a scornful laugh. 'Oh that I had a sword' was at other times her way of venting her indignation, or else 'Oh! I know it is just envy for his black hair. I have great mind to send them a black wig.' I was amused at Eliza's first words to me when I entered her room after returning from Abercrombie: 'Anne, I fell with the gallery and I have crushed my new bonnet and it is to be for a school bonnet.' Mr Irving was in St. Andrews on Saturday & he called upon me in Mrs Cowan's. Miss Mowat saw him come down the lane & happened to come to call on Mrs Cowan just at the time. I believe a gentleman was going out of his house in

South St and was surprised to see a number of people running to their doors & windows & looking up the street to discover the cause saw Mr Irving coming along with Papa. There is a pretty good anecdote in the newspapers only 'tis not true; it is a conversation between Dr Chalmers and Mr Irving. Mr I. says he will come to St. Andrews to convert the Professors, Dr C. replies he is happy to hear he is to have such a long visit of him. But I must tell you how I liked my solitude. I was a week alone but I had often friends in with me. On Wednesday I had Grace & her companions, on Thursday I actually refused 3 invitations to dinner that I might be alone. The Misses Jacksons were in 2 or 3 times so I was not ill off. At the end of the week I went to Abercrombie, I liked it pretty well. One night we had a ridiculous frolic. Mrs Swan did not believe our resolution would continue else she would not have lent her countenance to it. It was to sit up the whole night! We did it & employed ourselves in looking at the stars, reading Italian till four o'clock, when we issued out by a window to see the sun rise and took a walk. We did not go to bed till 9 o'clock next night. Mrs Swan was not pleased at the sortie from the window and has desired me to be silent about the whole business as she fears for the character of her house. But I got the leave to tell you, so I thought that it would do to let you know that we did so. I got a letter from Mamma before I heard anything about the accident to let me know they were all safe. The Swans concealed it from me.

Have you told Susan about the Music? Oh! the Swans have a cousin named Susan who staid a day or two with them; she is English and a very pretty & accomplished girl; she is a blonde but having very fine features and altogether one of the prettiest girls I ever saw. My paper draws to a close, I am just going to St. Leonard's as I have not seen them to-day. Margaret is just going on very mildly, none of the others have taken it yet. I am yours

ANNE CHALMERS.

(*In Dr. Chalmers' handwriting.*)

Dr Chalmers with best & kindest regards to Miss Anne Parker begs to say that he means very shortly to reply to Miss Parker's kind letter. He is sorry that he will have to negative her friendly proposition but he will enter into the reasons for it afterwards & hopes to convince her that they are good.

Sunday,
St. Andrews.

My dearest Anne,

I got your letter this morning and yesterday morning Mamma told me of the affliction which has been laid upon you.* What a shock it was for all of us. It is indeed a very heavy loss when the head of the family is taken away so unexpectedly. How you must have felt next day! To me it seems rather like a dream than a reality. The certainty of it seems to fade away and then I often picture to myself your dear Papa as he was when I saw him last and forget for the moment that I shall never see him again on this side of the grave. If Miss Parker has not come home what will she not feel when she hears of it. And poor Charles & James will be very much distressed. It ought to be a warning for all of us for we know not what a day may bring forth. A few hours before your father's death how little anyone thought of what they should hear that night. Oh how differently I was writing to you on Friday night from what I am now. I little thought of what had happened then. I cannot bear the idea that I shall never see him again here. If we meet, as I hope we will soon, it will be so new not to see your dear Father with you. Oh my dear Anne, how trivial and unimportant these great afflictions make all the things we distress ourselves about every day appear. I hope your dear Mother may be supported under this trial. It will be very heavy for her but she has consolations in a higher source; I hope you may all be enabled to bear up under it. It must be very comfortable for Susan to have had that conversation with him. It really

* Death of Mr. Parker, father of Anne Parker.

seems like a dream, I can scarcely believe it possible. Do you remember the lines he wrote for me before I left Fairlie? I am happy he did, for I shall keep them as a memorial of him although the hand that wrote them is now cold. Dear, dear Mr Parker! When I was so sorry at leaving Fairlie I did not think I had such a cause. But in honouring lost friends let us not forget to thank God for those he has left us. When a blank is made in a family I think it must link those that remain still closer together. Do you remember Miss Pringle that was at Mrs Cowan's? Her father died last winter. She was very much attached to him and must have felt it very deeply. She was of a nature that made me often very melancholy. Give my kindest regards to dear Susan & Pat & James & the rest of the family. I hope they may all be able to support this trial. Give my kind love to Miss Parker when she comes. I hope you may be able to see Papa when he comes. Poor Miss Hutchison is in great distress, I am certain, for she was very fond of your Papa. Adieu my dear Anne. That you may be supported under this heavy affliction is the fervent wish of your ever affectionate friend

ANNE CHALMERS.

6th Aug. 1828

My dearest Anne,

I am sorry I have not a large sheet but Papa has lost the key of the paper cabinet and there is not any large paper out. I feel very deeply your kindness in remembering me even in the very distressing affliction you have sustained. I hope you may all be enabled to sustain it and that it may be of benefit to all of us. It is indeed an awful lesson and one that we ought to profit by. It has perhaps been sent to awaken us from the sleep of death we have so long remained in and I hope its effect may be permanent. I was yesterday at Leuchars. When I went into the garret I remembered that the last time I had been there was with you. Do you remember going there on a Sacrament Sunday & hearing 'While humble shepherds watched their flocks' in the cart? Perhaps it is selfish in me

but I do wish very much you would come with James. Mamma thinks you would be better of a change of place. I do not think you would like staying after James as you have so seldom his company.

From your account of your love of Lord Byron's poetry it must have gone to such a height as to become almost a disease. I remarked that in almost every letter you had a great many quotations from him, most of which I thought very beautiful but I did not know you read it so constantly. How little we know what changes time may make in our opinions! How little time has intervened between your recommendation to me to read Lord Byron & your earnest entreaty that I should not. When your letters came I began to read one and Mamma took up some of the others and happened to read the one about Lord Byron; you may remember it was not till the end that you desired me not to speak of it so Mamma did not know till she had finished all about it, that you did not wish it to be known. I hope you will not mind her knowing it as she will not speak of it to anybody. Will you tell me when you write who Gertrude is? You have mentioned her several times of late. How are your Mamma & Susan & all the others? Eliza is pretty well although the shock of the gallery falling has made her a little nervous so that she almost screams at the least sound she hears. Margaret has quite recovered from the scarlet fever & none of the rest has caught it. My Aunt & cousins are here just now. I went with them to the mouth of the Eden to-day. The last time I was there was with you & Miss Parker. How happy we were then! A year ago at this time we were at Fairlie. A great affliction teaches us to be contented & not to mind all the lesser grievances of life which so often break in on our felicity. I remember I was so sorry when I left Fairlie & when Uncle & Mrs Pratt & Susan went away from St. Andrews.

Do write soon, dearest Anne, & tell me what you think of coming to St. Andrews. I fear your friends will not like to part with James, and in that case you know we only meant

you to come if you thought you would be the better of it. It is very natural that at such a time you should wish to keep all together but perhaps change of air would raise your spirits a little. What a sudden stroke it must have been to James when he first opened the letter. The moment before, never dreaming of what had happened. I daresay next morning you felt as if you had had a frightful dream. I could not persuade myself the first day that it was certain that it had really happened. Even yet it seems incredible. Your dear father's loss must have been deeply felt throughout Glasgow. I have heard many people here speak of it. What a blank it will make in the village at Fairlie and among such people as Nurse Gray & John Shearer.

I must conclude now.

I am yours,

A. C.

St. Andrews, *Sept. 10th.*

My dearest Anne,

I have as you see taken a large sheet in hopes that the sight of it may in some measure mollify you, as I am sensible I have behaved very ill to you. It almost frightens me to think how long it is since I wrote to you.

I am glad you have come to that decision about Lord Byron as I think you are at last in the right. It had certainly gone to too great a height your reading Lord Byron, still there is a medium. I cannot think it can possibly do any harm when taken in moderation. I am sorry you do not come to St. Andrews but in your circumstances of course it is better for you to stay with your Mamma who I hope is better now. What a long time it will be before we meet! To be sure it is passing very quickly. I have always an idea that Edinburgh & Glasgow are so near that I do not think I shall have patience to wait a week in Edinburgh without driving to Blochairn to see you. I hope we shall meet very often then.

Do you remember Mrs McKay's walks with us? I have the little Steuart tree yet. Mrs McKay's memory for the

dates and marriage & intermarriages of Kings and Princes was truly astonishing. I am reading *Adèle et Théodore* or *Lettres sur l'Education* at present. It is a small book in three volumes, by Mad. de Genlis. It is very interesting but those French people have such strange ideas particularly about religion. The lady who is so particular about educating her children writes to tell her friend about the religious sentiments she instilled into their minds. It consisted in a tutelary angel with a fair complexion and light transparent azure wings constantly flying round each person and trying to keep them from harm, so that the little Adèle used to say when she had been very good 'Dieu me protège et mon bon ange est content de moi.' I am reading besides in French Mad. de Stael's *Allemagne* and in English *Philosophy in Sport* and Hume's *England* and *Memoirs of Mrs Susan Huntingdon*, and Mrs Erskine's new work. I heard young Aspoll play the other day, he plays remarkably well and he is such a very nice little boy. He is 13 but he is little for his age and he is very playful and not at all vain. I hope he may not be spoilt; he is so much made of everywhere. He did not seem to have ever broken his leg. Did you ever hear him? Grace sleeps in our room now and is become one of us, that is she enters into all our consultations and is in short become quite a young lady. Indeed she would disdain entering the nursery at all, so sensible is she of her issuing from the estate of Childhood. Indeed Catherine says 'Miss Grace will never come in to see me now.' If you had come you would have slept in our room which is very large, I daresay more than twice as large as the one in the former house. It has only one window and that is so shaded over with the large leaves of a fig tree that the room is rather dark. This garden is so very delightful that we shall be sorry to leave it. We shall not have a garden in Edinburgh, only a court to which the access is by the dining room window about 5 feet above the ground & which the old woman who showed Mamma the house said would be very 'handy.' Do write soon to me as we are all very anxious to know how your Mamma & Susan are.

Who is that teasing tiresome Captain Wishart? He must be very silly and very intolerable and very insipid. Will you remember me to Miss Parker, Susan, James etc.? Papa & Mamma send kind regards to Mrs Parker, Miss Parker, your sister & brothers & yourself. Mamma hopes you will write soon as she is anxious to know how Mrs Parker is. I have missed this day's post which I am sorry for as it is of some consequence at present, especially as I have been so shamefully long of writing. How delightful the feeling of vicinity will be in Edinburgh. Let us not turn a deaf ear to the judgments of God. May this last awful dispensation you have met with be accompanied with mercy to all your family.

Believe me, dear Anne,

Yours affectly.

ANNE CHALMERS.

Oct. 9th, Friday.

St. Andrews,

My dear Anne,

It was really very good of you to write so soon after my delinquency as I always forget 50 things when I write at a sitting. So you admire Mr Welsh. I am glad you do for from what I have seen of him I have a very favourable impression of him. You did not know I had the pleasure of his acquaintance. In 1826 after our residence at Mount Greenan Papa & I went to the south countrie to Mr McLellan's where we spent an evening. He spoke of phrenology with very great enthusiasm. Afterwards we spent a night at Sir Alexander Gordon's and in the morning we were to have breakfasted at Mr Welsh's, however I declined to accompany Papa as I wanted to stay with Sir Alexander's granddaughter. Papa has, I think, Welsh's Life of Dr. Brown; at least Papa has a great admiration of Dr. Brown, and I believe applied for a monument to him. How is Rosa? I suppose you will keep the little white dog.

Monday. I have just time to tell you that we are all in a hubub to-night, it is near twelve o'clock, and the Tennants

& Eliza, Grace & I have all been enjoying a glorious aurora borealis. Papa says he never saw so fine a one. It was really superb. But I must now leave you.

Tuesday. It is more than a week since I wrote the above and I should explain to you that Mrs Tennant, Christina & Ellen have been staying with us sometime but have departed this morning. Also two young ladies, the Miss Fortunes, have been with us and Miss Goodsir (you will perhaps remember our display of our vocal powers) is here at present. Besides there are a lady & gentleman and their daughter 4 years old who is much more troublesome than the Miss Semples and much more deserving the honourable appellation we gave them. She tells me she can 'kick and bite' me if I touch her. We are going next week to Mrs Morrison's of Naughton, then to Mr Erskine's of — I really forget the name of the place; and lastly to Mrs Melville's of Logie. To this last I shall certainly deliver the message you sent me in one of your letters. We leave St. Andrews in 3 weeks, then stay a week in Kirkcaldy. I don't think I'll send off another letter to you until we are in Edinburgh. I wish we were there. I do not leave a person behind me I can in the least regret, which is very pleasant else I might have been sorry to go. Do you remember my telling of my having adopted silk worms as pets? 3 of them alone attained the age of making silk and these 3 after having formed beautiful yellow cones and gone through the states of a chrysalis and a butterfly have run their short course and are now dead. Do you think you would like some for next year? If you would I can give you as many as you choose, you will not like them at first, they are so ugly and troublesome.

Wednesday. But I must say your pains are well rewarded when they begin to spin. After that they do not eat but you will like to watch them moving their heads about. I will try to send you the silk of one of them. Certainly they have not a prepossessing appearance at first but one gets reconciled to them. I think the present state of Ireland shows the justice

of your views with respect to Roman Catholic Emancipation. Papa thinks that if they are not emancipated everything threatens a civil war. I believe some of them said that if a single Roman Catholic were injured there would be a general massacre of the Protestants throughout Ireland. I am glad Uncle and Mrs Pratt are out of it. On such occasions the duty is very disagreeable for the military. When you first spoke to me of the Catholic religion I had a little flimsy structure of argument against it, but 5 minutes' conversation with Papa convinced me how very frivolous all I had to advance against it was. Now I entirely agree with you on that point.

Saturday. My dear Anne we are just going to set off for Naughton. The carriage came to town some time ago and I expect to be called every instant. However I wish to send off my letter to you before I go. I shall I think begin a letter to you while I am in the country if I see anything worth telling you. Mr Erskine has been at Rome & has I believe a number of curiosities. I remember you & I had one day a dispute whether you or we had the greater number of books. I am now able to give you a correct estimate of the number of them. Papa has 1000 volumes and we have 140. I must conclude now. Believe me (with the hope of being 50 miles nearer you in a fortnight)

Your very affectionate

ANNE CHALMERS.

I hope the silk will not be destroyed.

Kirkcaldy.

10th Nov.

My dearest Anne,

I am quite ashamed of the immense gap there has been between my last letter and this one. Half an hour after I finished that I left St. Andrews accompanied by Papa, Mamma & Eliza (by-the-bye to say accompanied would seem as if they were all mere attendants upon my superior self) to visit Mrs Morrison, relict of the late James

Chalmers Esq.* alias Bethune of Blebo, being cousin german of my grandfather. There were staying with them some other mutual second cousins & Colonel & Mrs Bethune of Blebo, the three Misses Maxwell & 2 dogs, Fanny and Pinchie. The last time I was there there was nearly the same company and one of the old young ladies addressing herself to the dog with the endearing phrase 'Fanny doggie, Fanny doggie' etc. another immediately caught the expression & continued it. We then crossed the Tay for the first time since we went to Dundee together. Oh! how sick Miss Parker was that day! There was a very interesting lady at the same time we were—Mrs Rich, daughter of Sir James Mackintosh & widow of Mr Rich, British resident at Bagdad. She lived 9 years in that city whose name calls up so many ideas of Caliphs, Viziers and genie to those who have read the Arabian Nights. The last number of the *Edinburgh Review* takes up an account of Bagdad by Mr Rich, her husband, and I believe they are mentioned in Sir—Porter's travels. In her bible opposite the 13th Chap. of Isaiah 21st and 22nd verses she has written a note at Babylon mentioning how literally the prophecy had been fulfilled that the people there dared not go near the ruins at night, as fearful sights had been seen there and the natives say that creatures half human half animal have been observed. I do not know whether it was their imagination or not but it is certainly a striking fulfilment of prophecy. I would advise you to look at the verses, I think there is something very solemn in them. In the Italian Bible it does not appear to me to be so expressive. Mrs Rich is very pleasant & was always kind in

* James, or, more correctly, William J. Chalmers, W.S., of Radernie, son of the Rev. John Chalmers of Radernie, married successively two heiresses—First, Margaret Bethune of Blebo, and on that marriage assumed her name of Bethune of Blebo. She died, leaving him all her property, and he then married Isobel Morrison of Naughton, Falfield, etc., and took the name of Morrison. There was only one child of the marriage, a daughter, who died in Paris in 1818, aged twenty-three. Mrs. Morrison left property to her own nephew and her husband's nephew and his first wife's relations.—M. G. B.

answering any questions that were put to her concerning the regions of eastern romance which she alone of all our society had visited.

But to speak of present affairs, we are now in Kirkcaldy residing in the house of my grandsire where we have been more than a fortnight; we were to have departed to Edinburgh last Friday then it was arranged we were to stay to Tuesday (yesterday) then Thursday or perhaps even Saturday. My temper was, I can assure you, well nigh worn by the delays. To-day a letter has come from Papa to say that we are to go to-morrow if the weather is fine; if not, to go to my grand uncle in Burntisland to stay all night and cross over next morning. I believe my uncle's memory is very much gone; last time I was there it was with Uncle Pratt, who told him my name first 'Anne,' upon which he exclaimed 'Enne, what kind of a name is Enne? I would not wonder if it was Anne he meant.' Oh they're a strange set the sodgers. Be sure, Anne, never to marry a sodger. (Look to the crossing). I have been reading aloud *The Fair Maid of Perth* to my grandpapa, I like it very much. He has chosen a very interesting period of history viz. the barbarous murder of the Duke of Rothesay son of Robt. 3rd. by his uncle of Albany & the account of the Highland wars of that period. While I read of the duke's sufferings Eliza's indignation was strong and her mouth was compressed & her hand clenched while she muttered 'I would kill them.' Oh by the bye it was not the editor but the proprietor of the *Sun* who was at St. Leonard's and he said he was very sorry for what had been in his paper concerning Mr Irving. He said the paper had been injured by it. When Eliza was told that not being editor he was not answerable for what was in his paper, she summed up his character in the emphatic words 'He is a very nonsensical man.' In three days I shall be very near you. I am delighted at going to Edinburgh. I cannot help wondering I regretted St. Andrews so little. Leaving it did not cost me one sad thought. I have the last piece Byron ever wrote. I shall not tire soon of hearing of

him so you may safely write as much about him as you like. I heard an anecdote concerning him from a lady who used often to see him running past to school in the mornings at Aberdeen. A lady wrote to her mother asking her about a family who lived there viz. Mrs & Mr Byron, as she had been witness of a very strange scene concerning them. She and Mrs Byron and a number of young ladies were at a party when a fortune teller came in, and among others foretold to Mrs Byron, then unmarried, that she would marry the gentleman then paying his addresses to her, but that the consequences would be great misery to herself; that she would have one son & that he should be deformed. Now this was exactly the case, for Mr Byron behaved very ill to her so that they were the talk of Aberdeen, and the young George had a club foot. By the bye I daresay the name was Gordon, not Byron. Dear Anne excuse this short letter, I have not time to lengthen it as I have to send it by a lady who goes to Glasgow tomorrow morning. Adieu ma chère. Hoping to see you soon Believe me to be yours.

A. CHALMERS.

(*In Eliza's hand*):

My dearest Anne,

I am very sure you will not be able to make out half of this letter; Anne has such a habit of making mistakes. I hope you like Sir Walter Scott. I cannot bear to read any other novels than his except perhaps Miss Porter's. I like Byron's poetry very much. I long to hear about the doge of Venice & his family. Adieu Fair Maiden.

From thine,

E. CHALMERS.

THE JOURNAL OF 1830



THE JOURNAL OF 1830

ON Saturday, 1st of May, Papa, Mamma, and I embarked in that celebrated steamship the *United Kingdom* for London. Miss Colquhoun, a lady in delicate health, was to travel with us. On coming on board we found she had already arrived with her mother and brother, who left her to our care. We were surprised to find our friend Mr. Ridolph on board.

Shortly after our arrival some ladies, who used to be playmates of mine many years before, came on board. These were the Misses Buchanan and Mrs. Abney, daughters of Lady J. Buchanan, who lived near Ardincaple. Seven or eight years had transformed them from romping girls who used to build houses on the sand with me into good-looking women, with a little of the Glasgow dash in their manner. As for their brother, he is one of those men who strut about with moustaches, with some good nature but few ideas. We had a number of fellow passengers, but I did not observe many of them—but shall give a slight sketch of those whom I particularly noticed. Miss Stewart was (I suppose) a young lady, and evidently meant to be a fine lady. She and her friend Miss Anstruther kept most of the people in the ladies' cabin awake for three hours one night while they discussed sandwiches and talked nonsense, wondering whether the people were asleep, for they were very quiet, as if it were possible to sleep while they talked so loud. Miss S. is very pernicky, spent quarter of an hour in adjusting her chair, and took especial care to have everything

exactly right. Miss Anstruther was silly and good-natured. There were two simple country-looking girls who were acquainted with Jeffrey, Leonard, Horner, and some of these literati. Miss Fredenberg was introduced to Papa, but having been sufficiently lengthy in my descriptions already, I shall not mention any of the nondescripts, but shall only add my recantation of all the ill-natured remarks I may have made. We found the ship very comfortable, the saloon splendidly furnished, the beds comfortable, and the weather very favourable. On Sunday, Papa preached in the saloon. The passengers seemed attentive. It is difficult to settle down to Sunday reading in a boat. Most of the passengers appeared to be reading novels.

We passed Whitby, the architecture of whose cathedral is very beautiful, also Scarborough, the castle of which is situated on a bold precipice. We saw the figures of men projected on the sky who were standing on the rock, to which circumstance Papa called my attention, as being the first time I had seen English men standing on English ground. The coast of Yorkshire is proudly ramparted with rocks about 400 ft. high, in the crevices of which the wild bird builds her nest. The quantity of chalk in these rocks gives them a curious appearance. I counted a hundred vessels at the mouth of the Humber. On Monday morning we found ourselves as far as the coast of Essex. We passed a fleet of colliers on its way to that great consumer London. Just a week before I had seen Lord Elgin's coals shipped. Perhaps these might be the same. On entering the Thames, the borders only of Kent and Essex were visible to us. They are flat, scattered

over with trees, but on the whole uninteresting to a Scottish eye. But as the river narrowed, we descried some beautiful spots. As we passed Woolwich, we heard its musical bells 'tolling the knell of parting day.' When we reached Greenwich, most of the passengers left the ship, and we witnessed the curious operation of hoisting horses and carriages from the hold into the small boats. The horses were enclosed separately in cages, and the carriages presented a very singular and unusual spectacle raised in mid-air, like flying dragons.

Tuesday, 4th. Papa, Mamma, Miss Colquhoun, and I landed and breakfasted with friends of Miss C.'s, Mr. and Mrs. Lockier, who are connected with the Greenwich Hospital, and live within its walls. After breakfast our kind entertainers accompanied us through the hospital, showed us the schools, which seem very well conducted. The boys went over some mathematical problems with great precision. Greenwich Park is a most beautiful piece of scenery. We left spring in Scotland and found summer here; the foliage is luxuriant, the verdure rich, and altogether Greenwich Park is the most beautiful piece of scenery I have seen. We visited the Observatory, saw Mr. Bond (the astronomer) and his lady; they form great contrasts to each other, the one being very quiet and the other having rather an overwhelming manner. Mr. Bond's assistant showed us the camera obscura. On returning, the Greenwich boys displayed some extraordinary feats of gymnastics for our amusement. They are not so severely disciplined as the Heriot boys in Edinburgh. It is worthy of remark that, the week before, I entered a coal mine for the first time in my life,

and this day entered England for the first time. We left Greenwich in the forenoon for London. I remarked several differences between Scotland and England: first, the houses were all built of brick, some plastered over to resemble stone, with neat verandahs painted green. There are a number of clever little boxes of that sort in the suburbs to which the London *cits* retire during summer. Second, hawkers are everywhere dispersed with gingerbeer, oranges, and all the comforts that would be desired on such a hot day. The weather is indeed very hot, and the vegetation very far advanced on this side of the Tweed. Our lodgings in London are in a narrow street, and are dirty, sooty, and uncomfortable. The paper of the sitting-room has glaring yellow roses upon a red ground, and the bedrooms are musty and airless. They say, to make things better, that it is a very fashionable street, but what is fashion? I can't tell, but you may 'ask of Folly, for she her worth can best express.' I sat moping and exclaiming against London all the rest of the evening.

Wednesday, the 5th of May, is my birthday.* I have reached a most venerable antiquity. Papa, Mamma, and I walked to Westminster Abbey and were conducted over it by the guide. We saw the tombs of many of the kings, nobles, and poets of former days, and wax figures of Charles II, a Duke of Buckingham, Queen Elizabeth, William and Mary, Ann and Nelson (who is like life). Elizabeth has a most disagreeable expression of countenance. Mary and Ann are good-looking. Among other tombs we saw that of Mary Queen of Scots. Her figure is

* Seventeenth birthday.

represented in a recumbent posture on it. We also saw the monuments of Edward I, Henry III, Richard II and his queen, the two princes who were murdered in the Tower, Milton, Dryden, Chaucer, Watts, Horner, etc. In one of the apartments stand the chairs on which the King and Queen sit when they are crowned. To that of the King is fixed the Scotch stone on which the Kings of Scotland were once crowned before it was taken from Scone by Edward I. The architecture of this Abbey is splendid. We were in the chapel in which Divine service is performed twice every day. A genuine Scotchman who had been making the round of the Abbey and making remarks with great simplicity on what he saw, here inquired earnestly, 'But whaur's the pulpit; whaur does the minister and the precentor sit?' After looking round the room he was satisfied as to the position of the pulpit. After leaving Westminster we walked through St. James's Park and sat down by the pond in the centre of it, paying a penny each for the refreshment of chairs. The road between St. James's Park and the Green Park resembles the Meadows very much. We were a little fatigued by our excursion, and sat quietly for the rest of the day in our lodgings, to which we began to get somewhat reconciled and accustomed.

In the evening Mr. Irving and Mr. Nisbet called. When Mr. I. was told it was my birthday, he said, 'Dear child, may it come often.' He is grieved about the illness of his 'little dear child!' There was nothing extravagant about his appearance. He seems to believe in Mary Campbell's* miraculous gifts.

* One of the Row 'heretics,' who believed in speaking in 'tongues.'

Thursday, 6th May. Heard as usual in the morning the varied intonations of the London cries, from the staccato of the old clothes man to the long of the men selling boxes. To-day for the first time I saw a Bishop in his lawn apron. He was a fine-looking man, upon whose countenance a pleasing smile was lighted up as he crossed the street to speak to a gentleman. This last turned out to be Mr. Lockier, who called on us and told us it was the Bishop of London we had seen, a very talented man. Walked through the Horse Guard House and by the side of St. James's Park and through the court of St. James's Palace, where Papa showed us the identical spot at which he had received a curtsey to himself alone from Queen Charlotte many years ago.

We dined with Lord Barham.* I was particularly interested by a Mrs. O'Brien, who seems a compound of talent, naiveté, and gaiety. She is the most lovable person I ever saw. I like Lord Barham. He looks melancholy, and though he is not old, he has laid three wives in the grave. His last wife died about six months ago. It is customary here to hang the escutcheon of the family painted on a black ground on the walls of the house when the head of the family dies.

Friday, 7th May. Miss Elizabeth Cowan and Mr. Charles Virtue breakfasted with us. We had the loan of Mr. Murray's carriage to go to Walworth. We called on Mr. Chalmers† and saw Mrs. Chalmers and her grandson, but Uncle was not at home. On our return we went to St. Paul's, which I explored

* Lord Barham was grandson to Admiral Lord Barham, whom he succeeded.

† James Chalmers, eldest brother of Dr. Chalmers.

very thoroughly. I went nearly as far as the ball—that is, I ascended three ladders, but not the perpendicular steps. The monuments are beautifully arranged, and almost all bear some sculptured allegorical device. They are mostly the tombs of those who died for their country in battle. After leaving St. Paul's we went to a confectioner's, where we had ice, gingerbeer, cakes, and a number of those things that I like. From St. Paul's we have a very good view of the city. Although the houses appear so crowded that one can hardly imagine that they are separated, still when seen from a height they have a neat aspect, and the brick and red tiled houses are clean looking, if not handsome. This was the first time I had been in the city. We passed along Ludgate Hill and the Strand and went out by the Temple Bar, which the King cannot pass without permission from the most worshipful the Lord Mayor of London. I must not omit mentioning that we saw the shop of that Waithman whose rising in the House of Commons is the signal for a general retreat. Papa stopped to talk to a gentleman to whom he introduced Mamma and me. I did not know till he was gone that he was Capt. Basil Hall. If I had, I should have paid more attention to what he said and observed him more particularly. He lives next door to us, and we often see his wife and children go out in the carriage. We found several persons had called in our absence, among others, Mr. Bruce. Dr. Nicol and Mr. Duncan came in in the evening and sat some time with us; also a Mr. Hamilton, brother-in-law to Mr. Irving, who made offer of his services in showing us the town.

Saturday, 8th May. Before we went out this

morning a number of people called, viz. Mr. Lockier, Mr. Duncan, Capt. Gordon, who introduced Capt. Vernon, son of the Archbishop of York, and an Irish clergyman, and some others. The morning being wet, we were deprived of a cruise on the Thames, which we had promised ourselves. We rode to Somerset House to see the Exhibition of Pictures. The lower rooms were chiefly filled with architectural designs; in the upper rooms were a great many portraits, some of which were interesting, such as the King's, Duke of Clarence's, and Princess Victoria's. But on the whole, I thought it inferior to the Edinburgh exhibitions. One room was devoted to sculpture. We afterwards drove to St. James's to inquire for the King, and saw the bulletin which purported that he had had a comfortable night and slept several hours, but that the general symptoms remain the same. Capt. Gordon drank tea with us. We spent a very quiet evening, as we often do in London. Mr. Spencer Percival* came in for some time in the evening. He is a very pleasant person.

Sunday, 9th May. We breakfasted with Mr. Virtue and delivered letters to Miss E. Cowan, as she was to go to Scotland that day. We all went to hear Mr. Irving, and Miss Cowan could not remain all the time, as the smack was to sail before service was over. Mr. Irving read a chapter in Ezekiel, interspersing it with his own remarks. His sermon was long, but not so overwhelmingly lengthy as I have heard he is often. After leaving church, Mr. Irving offered me his arm to walk home with him,

* Son of Mr. Spencer Percival, the Prime Minister, who was assassinated by Bellingham in the lobby of the House of Commons in 1811.

which I declined on the plea of his height, upon which he beckoned to a young man, a Mr. Buchan, to walk with me. I was forced to comply, though at first I thought it a bore, but in two minutes I accounted myself singularly fortunate, for I had discovered that he was one of the Row heretics. I am very much interested in that set of people; indeed, all their external circumstances are calculated to interest in their favour. They have their origin in a most beautiful and romantic country. Mary Campbell herself has the beauty of a spiritual being, and their holiness resembles that of the Primitive Church more than anything I know of in this world. They all seem so calm and mild and gentle, and so patient of incredulity concerning these wonderful gifts that one cannot think them under the influence of excitement. Yet as Mrs. O'Brien says—it may be a delusion of Satan's to get these so far established as miracles, and then destroyed, and thus take away the authority of the miracles of the New Testament. This person did not tell me any new things about it, but merely attested his knowledge of these three miraculous cures, and said that M. Campbell is quite well and strong and that her pulse is all right. We dined with Mr. Irving. He was exceedingly kind to us. We returned part of our way in an omnibus, a conveyance which I had a great desire to enter, but which, having been in, I have no wish to re-enter. The company is too miscellaneous for my taste. Sir George Phillips, Mr. Duncan, and Capt. Gordon called in the evening. Capt. Gordon was so good as to mend this pen for me. This day week I heard sermon in a steamboat; this day fortnight in Dunfermline Church; and three weeks ago was confined

to Argyle Square in the morning, but went to Mr. Clason's in the afternoon and called at Park Place on the way home.

Monday, 10th May. Mr. Rhind, Capt. Gordon, Mr. Crummie, and Mr. Clark came in the morning and staid some time. My uncle James called in the forenoon. He somewhat resembles Mr. Mackay, has grey hair and a forehead like Papa. He is not like what I expected, but very quiet and mild. A very dirty and rainy day. Trudged to St. James's (because Mamma says the hackney coaches are as wet as the clouds) and saw the bulletin. A comfortable night (as usual), but the symptoms continue the same. We then went to Westminster Hall, were too late for either House of Parliament, and saw nothing but a crowd of people in the entry, with here and there interspersed robed and wigged lawyers. However, we met Mr. Biddulph on the street. Papa went to the Lower House, and Mamma and I spent a very quiet (and at first dull and cold, but afterwards enlivened by a fire) evening.

Tuesday, 11th May. The first place we visited to-day was a shop, in which we remained an hour and a half, during which time Papa studied with his book and pencil very quietly, notwithstanding the noise and bustle of the shop and the frequent appeals of the shopkeeper to his taste, such as 'This is a very neat colour, sir; only four shillings a yard; very cheap I assure you, sir.' To which sally Papa replied that in Scotland the adjective 'neat' was applied to form, not to colour. 'Yes, sir,' said the man, 'we do not always apply our words correctly; we call this a *quiet* colour,' pointing to a brown. If any of my readers object to the above colloquy on the ground of its

being too highly coloured, let me assure them that I am a faithful reporter, more so than he of the *Times* newspaper, who was cruel enough to prevent a poor innocent man from enjoying his breakfast by the insertion of a letter in his name. We proceeded to Walworth and dined with my Uncle, and immediately after dinner went to the House of Commons, found Mr. Hay waiting for us, who conducted us to the ventilator where ladies can hear the speakers and even see them sometimes through the holes in the roof. We found a good many ladies there, among others two very gay ones who laughed in convulsions at some of the members who came under their scrutiny. 'Oh! Good God! What a pair of eyes! I declare he is looking up! La! what frights in boots! I could speak better myself!' and various similar instructive and amusing exclamations formed the tenor of their conversation. But to return to the business of the house. Its members do not sit gravely and sedately on their benches as wise legislators ought to do (I beg their pardon—if I had said so in their presence they would have bawled out 'Order! Order!' until I had said 'as I should have supposed wise legislators would have done from their well-known prudence and discretion in all other matters'). They walk about and talk to each other unless an interesting person is speaking, and call out 'Hear! hear! Order!'—I suppose at random, for they certainly do not *seem* to pay much attention. Then they like so much to exercise their privilege of wearing their hats, and appear constantly in boots, so that their general appearance is by no means dignified. I saw one gentleman who sat quietly in a corner dressed 'in blue and grey,' with yellow top-

boots and a whip in his hand. In short, in costume, manners, and appearance each seems the personification of what one would imagine a true John Bull to be, bold and independent. I did not admire the speaking very much, but none of the eloquent men were there. At first a great many petitions were laid on the table, and nothing was heard but the often repeated Ayes and the Noes, 'The Ayes have it.' Then we had a 'little animated debate' between Messrs. O'Connell and Doherty, which was very interesting, after which followed a long discussion about abolishing the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland. The motion was made by Hume in a diffuse speech of about an hour and a half, then opposed by Lord Leveson Gower, and thrown from one side of the House to the other, till at last the strangers were sent away (but not the ladies) together with our party, while four gentlemen with four sticks counted the other division, then the opposite side came into the room in single files, and were counted as they passed. The Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland was not abolished. Then a Mr. Robertson stood up labouring to enlighten the community upon Newfoundland, but alas, nobody listened, and we left him to address the speaker, for the others seemed not to be disposed to settle down with attention to his long speech. Really, Tuesday is a very eventful day to me, for the Tuesday before was the day on which I first stood on English ground, and the Tuesday before that the first time I ever stood in a bucket on my way to the bottom of a coal pit.

Wednesday, 12th May. Mamma was rather fatigued, so resolved not to accompany Papa and I to Richmond to visit Mr. G. Noel. We went in the steamboat. As we approach Richmond the view from

the river is beautiful. We found Mr. Noel and Mr. Spooner, both English clergymen, waiting for us. They took us to the top of Richmond Hill, as it is called, but which is really a very slight elevation, where the view of the Thames losing itself among the luxuriant *feuillage* on its banks was very lovely. On arriving at the residence of Mr. Noel we were introduced to his wife and daughters. They are a very pleasant family. I was much flattered by hearing from one of the young ladies that Mr. Noel retained a very lively remembrance of me under the strange cognomen of Peter McFarlane. We dined with them at three o'clock and returned to London in the coach soon after. We were just in time to drive, accompanied by Mamma and Capt. Gordon, to Mr. Frederick Calthorpe's to dinner. We had a very small party, consisting of Mr. Calthorpe and Lady Charlotte, Capt. and Lady Mary Saurin, Lady Blanche Somerset, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Flinch, Papa, Mamma, and I. The people here have very small dining-tables, a very good plan, as it limits the numbers. Lady Blanche is a very interesting-looking person, but I was so exceedingly sleepy that I could hardly speak, and I was very glad when the coach was ordered to take us home.

Thursday, 13th May. Mamma had a return of her old complaint in the morning, so was forced to forgo the pleasure of seeing again her acquaintance, Mrs. Rich, and that of being introduced to Sir James Mackintosh.* Papa and I (as it happened to be

* Sir James Mackintosh (1765-1832), philosopher, held many Government appointments. Married, secondly, Catherine Allen, whose two sisters married Josiah and John Wedgewood. Sir James was said by James Mill 'only to have lived for social display'!!

agreeable to James) breakfasted with him. He has great conversational powers. Did nothing but write my journal for the rest of the day, as I had a great deal to make up. Mr. Duncan, Mr. Irving, and Mr. Macgregor called, and also Mr. James Parker. The sight of the latter called up in my mind a train of old feelings and associations. I have not seen him for three years, and having been for a week in town without seeing him I almost feared that one of the reasons for which I most wished to come to London would be frustrated.

Friday, 14th May. Mrs. Babington, Mrs. McCaulay, and Mr. James Parker called. It was settled that I should visit the Parkers in the beginning of the week. Papa dined at Mr. Colquhoun's, and they sent their carriage for Mamma and me. What a *comfort* a *comfortable* carriage is instead of those horrid London hackneys! We found Miss Colquhoun better. We saw our old acquaintance, Mr. Shore, also Lord and Lady Radstock,* the latter of whom Mamma knew some years ago. She seems a very pleasant person, and although I did not speak to her all night, I sat looking on her with esteem and admiration. The Misses Powis introduced themselves to me, and Miss Colquhoun introduced a Miss Hope. There was also a Mr. Hope, to whom I spoke without introduction. Mr. and Mrs. Colquhoun are very agreeable people indeed. There were also others whose names I do not know, but our *old* friend—for such I feel him to be though the acquaintance is only

* Lord Radstock (1786-1857), second Baron Radstock, married Esther Caroline, daughter of John Paget of Totteridge. They were much interested in charitable affairs.

of a week's standing—Mr. Lockier was there. But I must proceed to the most celebrated person of the party, Mrs. Heber, widow of the Bishop. She is *not** married again, and was very indignant at the reports of that nature which were circulated. I must confine myself to describing her appearance, as I did not hear a word of what she said. She has a tall figure, and quite a regal aspect. She is not pretty, has very black hair, and is not old-looking. She was dressed in black velvet, with a wreath of flowers in her hair and a necklace and gold chain. She sat majestically surrounded by two or three people, to whose remarks she assented with a graceful and dignified bend of the head. Altogether, the company to-night seemed to contain more stars of beauty and fashion than any party I have been at since I came to town. The Misses Powis are pretty. Mr. Colquhoun asked me if I kept a journal. I suppose my answer must be manifest to all who peruse these pages.

Saturday, 15th May. Mr. Virtue breakfasted with Mamma and me, for Papa was at Sir George Philips's. Miss Gordon, with another lady and gentleman, called on us. At twelve o'clock, Mr. Gordon called and introduced Mr. Baptist Noel. He came to take me to the Anti-Slavery Meeting. It is the first of that kind I ever attended. I was amused by seeing about the doors black men with papers about their hats with these words written on them: 'Am I not a man and a brother?' The passages were crowded when we entered, but I got a very comfortable seat beside some ladies who had been at the House of Commons, and who were very kind to me to-day. Mr. Gordon

* She has since married a Greek count.—A. C.

went to the platform—as the gentlemen are separated from the ladies. The house was quite crowded, as 3,000 tickets had been issued, though there was room only for 1,500 persons. When Mr. Wilberforce entered the room the plaudits were long and loud. He is very much distorted in his figure, but has a most benevolent expression of countenance. After he ascended the platform, there was some delay before Mr. T. Clarkson came forward to move him to the chair. In the interim a very active-looking Quaker, who seemed to take charge, called out several times, ‘Thomas Clarkson, come forward! Will you allow Thomas Clarkson to proceed to put Wilberforce in the chair?’ At last, Mr. Clarkson came on, and moved that Mr. W. should take the chair, which was unanimously agreed to. Then Mr. W. made a speech which was interrupted by the cheering caused by the Bishop of Bath and Wells’s entrance. After him, spoke Mr. Buxton, then Lord Milton, who said among other things that ‘Christianity is a religion of liberty’; at which Mr. O’Connell, who was standing near me—and on whom I kept a sharp eye—said ‘Hear!’ After Lord Milton followed Tom Macaulay, who spoke very well, with great fluency and very much to the point. Lord Calthorpe followed; his attitudes were good. Mr. Wilberforce stood up then, but another gentleman rose and called ‘Mr. Chairman, Mr. Chairman, may I say a few words?’ To this, Mr. W. assented, but a terrible hubbub of hissing and shouting and calls to orders came from every quarter of the room. The intruder was a tall man, with rather a handsome countenance and white hair. A lady next me told me

he was the Radical Hunt.* He attempted to obtain a hearing, but the noise was immense, and Mr. Buxton begged they would listen to him. They, however, continued the uproar, till Mr. Wilberforce rose to say that any gentleman had a right to speak. Upon which, they allowed Mr. Hunt to proceed; but before he had finished three sentences the clamour broke out again, and a man in the gallery appealed to the chair if the time of the meeting should be filled up by extraneous matter. We were rather in a dilemma here, for Hunt was determined, so were the people, till at last their great favourite, Brougham, rose, amid loud cheers, and in a very well-managed speech brought them to reason, and Hunt was permitted to go on, much to my satisfaction. He seemed to say that this was rather a one-eyed charity which went abroad for cases while so many were in worse slavery in England. He adduced some instances of great misery, but the patience of the mob wore out, and he was again interrupted by a commotion. Mr. Wm. Allen, the famous Quaker, begged him to consider how precious the time of the meeting was, which he said he was quite disposed to do, and begged that all who thought an Englishman should be allowed to speak would hold up their hands. I fear no hand was raised, but he smiled good-humouredly, and said he had very noisy opposers. Again, a man in the gallery begged he might be set down; then Mr. Gordon rose and said

* Henry Hunt (1773-1835) was a politician of the turbulent order. He was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for misconduct at a public meeting, but was welcomed with great enthusiasm by his admirers on his release and presented with a piece of plate. Romilly calls him 'a most unprincipled demagogue.'

that if Hunt had a right to speak, he or any man present might speak too. This was received with great applause, and poor Hunt was forced to retire, and Mr. Daniel Wilson, the eloquent English clergyman, rose. There is a grave solemn expression on his brow. He was listened to with good attention. Mr. Bennet was then requested to speak, which he did very modestly, but was rather prosy, so the ill-mannered people actually began to cough him down; so when he saw they were tired of him he concluded with an apology for detaining them. Afterwards, Chs. Brownlow, M.P., a young man with light hair, spoke—like Mr. F. Bruce. Then came the illustrious Brougham, of whom I shall not attempt to express my admiration, but shall only remark that he wore a black velvet waistcoat and a black surtout. Every word Brougham says thrills through one. Mr. Rounall began in a daring style, for he dared to say that Brougham had not spoken to the purpose, and that if Mr. Hunt had spoken in the same way he would have been hissed. The people were very angry at the idea of censuring Mr. Brougham, but I knew Rounall had something acceptable to say or he would not have hazarded such a remark. Accordingly, with great animation and energy he recommended that time should not be lost, but a day should be appointed immediately for freeing the negroes. He spoke with immense zest and life, and was applauded more than any of his predecessors, even than Brougham. Many people waved their hats in the enthusiasm of the moment, among these my friend, Mr. O'Connell. He spoke capitally. Then Henry Drummond seconded him *con spirito*. He is a pale, clever-looking man, spoke with genius and

animation, and concluded by saying the negroes would not be free till some black O'Connell or some swarthy Bolivar rose from among themselves to emancipate them. At this, Daniel smiled. Then Mr. Butt said some things, then Mr. Buxton rose to defend himself from the charge of coldness which he thought Rounall and Drummond charged the Committee with. Then rose Brougham in rather a passion, though he commands himself wonderfully, and talked of the insidious attacks made upon himself, upon which Rounall called him to order. Mr. Brougham thought them rather hasty, and said that if they determined that every child born after 1831 should be free, from the necessary delays in getting it through Parliament, it would hardly reach the West Indies by that time; that if they determined so hastily in a fit of excitement they would think themselves very rash on Monday morning. Then Mr. Drummond rose to defend himself from having made any insidious attack, and Mr. Rounall said he meant nothing personal, only he did think unless a time were settled nothing would be done, that seven years had passed without advantage, that he did not mean to fix on 1831 in particular; let it be 1832. He did not believe that the people would think themselves in the least rash or that they would have changed at all in their views on Monday morning, to which they assented with loud cheering. Then the cry for O'Connell rose, but Mr. Spring Rice came forward and proposed modification, that they should determine to fix a time but should not fix it then. This measure was ultimately agreed to. But now came O'Connell's turn. He saw no difficulty in the matter. 'You may, if you like, fix that every

child born after the 14th April, 1829, should be free' (a day he remembered with exceeding pleasure). He has served apprenticeship to three agitations. Protestant, Catholic, Presbyterian, Quaker, and Baptist should all unite in their great work. Let England and Scotland unite; he would answer for emancipated Ireland; from its mountains and dells a voice will be heard louder than the thunder, saying, 'Let the slave be free!' I have merely written a few of the expressions of his speech that I remember, but there was more feeling in it than in that of any man there. He is a most admirable speaker. He addresses himself to the feelings and passions. Fowell Buxton told horrible stories, but only addressed the reason. O'Connell for ever! I watched him all the time of the meeting, and he was very good humoured, talking and laughing to those about him. I must not omit mentioning that the man who first spoke about Hunt from the gallery, and whom I remarked from his resemblance to Mr. Davis (Henry Felix's cousin), was amazingly delighted, and clapped his hands in ecstasy and with hearty good will, desiring Daniel O'Connell, Esq., etc., M.P.'s speech. He seemed very much pleased, too, with Mr. Rounall's speeches. But there was tremendous cheering at O'Connell's speech, as it well merited. Then Mr. Hunt asked one question for the sake of order, but I did not hear very well what it was. Then Mr. Buckingham, the lecturer, spoke, then Mr. Denman, one of the Queen's counsellors, and considered one of the handsomest men in Britain. He speaks with eloquence. Afterwards, came Dr. Lushington, a lawyer and M.P., and a very delightful and excellent man, as I was told. At

this period I left the meeting, and shall presently take leave of the subject, begging my reader's pardon (that is, if I am so fortunate as to have one at this period of my history) for being so prolix about this Anti-Slavery Meeting; but it is chiefly for my own satisfaction that I am so particular, as I wish to remember the facts. It is the first meeting I ever was at, save the missionary meetings at St. Andrews, and has been a most interesting one. How much more room for eloquence there is in such a meeting than in the dry debates in the House of Commons. Mamma and I went to tea at Sir Thomas Acland's* at nine o'clock, Papa having been at dinner. The first person I saw was Mrs. Colquhoun, and I sat by her for some time. It was a large party. Mamma says there were about a hundred persons, but I did not think there were more than thirty or forty. For some time I sat quite by myself, unknowing and unknown, and not speaking to any one. At last I was accosted by a young lady next me, whom I discovered to be Miss Wilberforce. She introduced her mother to me. Mrs. Heber was there; she was dressed in white to-night, and looked more attainable than last night. I saw Mamma talking to her, but I did not go to them, else I would have been introduced to her. I saw Mr. Spencer Percival and Mr. Chs. Grant, a fine-looking white-haired man. I also spied a Bishop or two. How strange their costume is!

But a ridiculous thing was that I did not know Sir Thomas, and when he spoke to me on his entering the drawing-room I thought he had made a mistake,

* Sir Thomas Acland (1787-1871), politician and philanthropist, married the only daughter of Sir R. Hoare. He was called the 'head of the religious party in the House of Commons.'

and looked strangely at him, and afterwards I thought him a very odd man, but I like him excessively, he is so very lively. He is rather like Chs. Cowan. Lady Acland is nice enough, but I forget her now. There were also Lady and Miss Butler and the Countess of Morton, besides an immense number of people whose names I forget. I enjoyed the party exceedingly; there was so much variety in it, and no formality at all. Papa called it a rout. But one great attraction was Mr. Wilberforce, who came in as full of life and glee as possible, notwithstanding his having sat seven hours at the meeting as chairman in the morning. I was introduced to him. He remembers with great interest that thirteen years ago, when he heard Papa, 'poor Canning' was there too. He spoke with a tone of regret of him. I recognized Ld. Calthorpe too, and I must give as my opinion of him that he is a very pleasant man, and has, I think, a very good manner, notwithstanding the taunts sometimes thrown out against him. It was altogether a very pleasant evening. The people were collected in knots about the room, talking and laughing, and Mr. Wilberforce went from one to another shaking hands, and diffused the sunshine of his benevolence everywhere. Altogether this was more a day of excitement than any I have passed in London, and certainly I should not have been inclined to go through a mathematical problem at its close. I suppose that is the test by which people may judge whether they have allowed themselves to be excited beyond their natural state.

Sunday, 16th May. Breakfasted at Mr. Virtue's. Met there Mr. Spring Rice and his son, a boy of fifteen. After breakfast, Mrs. and Miss Wilberforce

and Mr. Harford came to accompany us to church. I walked with Mr. Rice, and he talked about the meeting. He thought Mr. Rounall was too hasty, that he was wrong; but it was an amiable error, for what would be the use of making all the children born after the 1st January, 1831, the freeborn children of slave parents, unable to support them? They must of necessity starve unless some provision be made for them, and time is necessary for that, to get it through Parliament. Mr. Rice is a very pleasant person, though Capt. Gordon says he is a mere politician. Papa preached in Mr. Irving's. The church was very full. After sermon, Mr. Wilberforce came into the vestry. Mr. Fowell Buxton delivered me my parasol, which I had left at yesterday's slavery meeting, upon which Mr. W. shook hands with me to congratulate me (I suppose) on its recovery. Papa, Mamma, and I proceeded to Mr. Virtue's, thence to Mr. Parker's, where we found that Capt. and Mrs. Darroch had arrived from France. Susan was looking very well, but Capt. D. was unwell and looked very pale. They were so surprised to hear that we were in London. James brought in his little baby and held it quite with the air of a connoisseur. Capt. Gordon came in the evening. On going home from church we found Capt. Hall at his door. He introduced us to Mrs. and Miss Hall.

Monday, 17th May. We left our confined lodgings in James's Place for a house in Ulster Terrace, kindly offered by the Misses Powis. It is in a pleasant situation close by Regent's Park, so that it seems quite in the country. As far as the eye can reach from the front windows we see only green fields, trees, and gentle eminences. It is a very good

house, containing a dining-room and parlour, two drawing-rooms and bedrooms. Mamma and I went from thence to call on the Colquhouns, and saw Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Colquhoun, and either one or two Misses Powis. Miss Colquhoun was not worse from her exertion on the night we were there. When we returned we found a carriage waiting to take me to Mr. Parker's. I found Mr. Darroch rather better, but still poorly, and Mrs. D., Mr. and Mrs. James all in their usual health. I must not omit to mention that on my way to James's I met Mr. Duncan, and also saw a curious procession of girls. I should have called them nuns had I been in France; but, as it was, I suppose they were Quakers. They were dressed in dark frocks, white tippets and long white gloves, with caps close to the head. After dinner Mr. and Mrs. Darroch, Mrs. Parker, and I took a walk in Brunswick Square. Mr. Edwin Pearson, whom I had seen at Fairlie, came to tea, but I don't think he recognized me.

Tuesday, 18th May. I hope you know that I staid all night at Brunswick Square. I walked out with Mrs. Parker in the morning and called on her cousins, the Misses Macaulay, daughters of Mr. Zachary McC. Two of them were at home. Mrs. Strath called in the forenoon, and in the evening, she, her son, and Misses Fanny and Selina Macaulay (the same whom we had seen in the morning) came to tea. Before retiring for the night, Mrs. James presented to me Byron's works in four volumes, from James and herself. I am very much delighted with them, and obliged to her and James. I never expected to have Byron's works in my possession, since Mamma cruelly prohibited me from purchasing

them, and it is remarkable that so many unexpected things should happen on Tuesday, such as the coal-pit—England—the House of Commons—and Byron's works.

Wednesday, 19th May. Mr. James Watson, the son of Mrs. Trail, of Liverpool, came to breakfast. Misses Fanny and Hannah More Macaulay called on their way to Mr. Irving's. Returned with Mrs. James Parker to Ulster Place, but found they had all gone to church, so I was compelled to remain alone, and as a refuge from *ennui* betook myself to sewing cuffs. Mr. Herbert Smith sent a card, so I desired that he should walk up. He remained for some time, but as Papa did not return he went to call on Sir Thomas Baring until Papa should make his appearance. After his departure I found myself so hungry that I was obliged to go to the dining-room for some luncheon. However, Papa and Mamma came in very soon, and presently afterwards Mrs. Smith. We dined at Mr. Fowell Buxton's. There were a good many people there, Mr. North (among the rest) who was so severe upon O'Connell in the House some nights ago. Mrs. Upchar, her two daughters, and her son were there. I met her at the House of Commons and the meeting. I sat by one of her daughters, whom I had seen at the House, and we are great friends. She told me she only knew one person in Scotland, and upon examination this was no other than Tom Leslie. Another lady told me of a series of misfortunes she had met with at her house, first breaking a decanter of wine, then spilling coffee, then demolishing a pane of glass. When I took leave of Emma Upchar she said she feared it was for ever.

Thursday, 20th May. Mamma and I called at Sir James Mackintosh's upon Mrs. Rich. We sat an hour with her talking of the Row affair, and which she seems inclined to believe. I recovered Mamma's parasol, which I had left there. We also called on Miss Hope, but did not find her at home. Mrs. and Miss Small called on us immediately on their leaving us. We rode to the House of Commons, where we took up Dr. Chalmers,* and thence proceeded to Greenwich to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Lockier. It was quite a clerical party, consisting of the Bishops of Chester and Winchester (brothers), the Dean of Salisbury, and Papa; and I begin to like bishops very much. I regard them with the eye of a naturalist as a new species before unknown to me. Deans wear aprons and single-breasted coats, the same as bishops, but they have not the strangely-shaped wigs nor the three-cornered hats which distinguish the latter. These were very nice bishops to-night. Winchester was at Sir T. Acland's the other night, also Lichfield and Coventry. I saw a young bishop at St. James's one day, but Bath and Wells who was at the Anti-Slavery Meeting is the ugliest person of the species whom I have seen. Winchester is ten years younger, and handsomer than his brother Chester, and is a richer and superior bishop, and wears a badge; but Chester is very agreeable, and they are both good men. The Bishop of London is very handsome. We returned to London about twelve o'clock and found a number of nice people had called whom I was very sorry to have missed. First of these I will place Mr. Percival, then Mrs. and Miss Upchar, Capt. and Mrs. Basil Hall, Lady and

* Her father.

Miss Baring, and in the morning a Lady Sitwell called, who, I suppose, is some relation of Aunt Fanny's Sitwell. I forgot to mention that in the morning we saw Capt. Gordon and Miss Willis, and that on our way to the House of Commons we were struck by the sight of a thing we had heard of several times in Scotland, which was a large cart going about with 'William Wilberforce, Junr.,'* full length on it. This is a son of Mr. Wilberforce's, who is engaged in a milk concern, and has his name used in that style all over London. We also saw the funeral of a child, attended only by four women with black hoods and their handkerchiefs at their mouths. They looked like nuns.

Friday, 21st May. Messrs. Virtue and Shields came to breakfast, and Mr. Carr brought us an account of a letter from a Cambridge gentleman saying that Mr. Meyer thought Mary Campbell's *écriture* Chinese,† but could not read it, being so ill-written. Mamma and I called on Mrs. Rich for an hour. She is to give the writing to Sir George Staunton, who is an admirable Chinese scholar. Sir Thomas Baring and Sir George Gray left cards, but did not come in. Sir Harry Verny came in for a short time, who said he had been at Sir T. Acland's the night we were there. We dined at Lord Teignmouth's, who is a very pleasant benevolent old man. The Misses Shore too are very agreeable. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Harford, Mr. Dunn, Lord and Lady Teignmouth, two Misses Shore, Mr. Charles Shore and his brother, Mr. Fred., with his

* His name, not himself.—A. C.

† Mary Campbell, one of the Row 'heretics' who wrote in an unknown tongue.

wife. Miss Grattan (daughter of the Irish Grattan), and Lord and Lady Gifford (who were also at Sir T. Acland's), came in the evening.

Saturday, 22nd May. Mrs. J. Parker and Mr. Duncan came to breakfast. Mrs. Upchar and her daughters visited us early, lest we should have gone out before they came. I think Mrs. Upchar the most lady-like person I have seen since I left home. We walked to the Zoological Garden in Regent's Park. It is a most delightful spectacle, the animals have so much more liberty than in common menageries. The enclosures are large, and all except the wild animals are kept in the open air during the day-time. The tiger seemed to feel annoyed at being looked on in what it esteemed a state of degradation, and walked up and down its narrow prison as if it would fain increase its boundaries, and the lion lay asleep—perhaps dreaming of its own native forests, or of a delicious banquet which it tasted only *once*, but remembers with continued zest, consisting of a young negro which had been brought to it by its mother. Many more animals and birds were there than I can enumerate, but I shall mention the monkeys, whose tricks were very diverting. I brought them some nuts and biscuits, and whenever they saw them there was a commotion in their cages, and paws were stretched out in all directions for them. While I was bending to give a weak one a nut, which a superior was taking from it, my bonnet was seized from a cage above and the front nearly torn from it. The keeper let them out from their confinement into large arbours in the open air, where were hung swings and ropes, and certainly the gymnastics of the Greenwich boys were far exceeded

by these agile creatures. They flung themselves from rope to rope and to the side of the cage with immense celerity. Next in agility to the monkeys were the bears, though in a more clumsy style. They begged for buns, and clambered up a long pole to amuse the bystanders, who rewarded them with cakes. Mamma was quite pleased with the beaver for showing itself both on land and water, she said it was very obliging and exceedingly gentlemanly of it.

On leaving the Garden we met Sir James Mackintosh on horseback. He looks very graceful. I suppose he feels his wife's death, of which he heard the very day we were with him. We met a little gig in which we drove home the rest of the way. Among the calling cards we found Mr. Spencer Percival's, whom I was very sorry to have missed. Lady and Miss Butler called. Miss B. proposed walking in Regent's Park with me some evening. Afterwards, Lord Teignmouth and the Misses Shore called. Lady Teignmouth did not leave the carriage, as she has been so much fatigued for two or three days. After dinner we walked to the Colosseum, but found it was just going to be closed, so we did not see it. Mr. Gow came to tea. Messrs. Woodrow and Virtue called after tea. I was disappointed of two pleasures to-night. We had been invited to Lord Calthorpe's to meet the Bishops of Chester and Winchester, likewise to Sir T. Acland's, which I should have liked very much, both because Sir Thomas is one of my favourites and because we had such a delightful evening at his house the week before.

Sabbath, 23rd May. (Motto, 'The Broom of Cowden Knowes.') To-day we were to attend the Temple Church, and Papa breakfasted with Mr.

Murray of the Temple, and it was determined that Mamma and I were to call there before going to church, as we had a plot to get introduced to a man of great eminence, who was, as we were informed, to be with Mr. Murray. So we sent for a coach, but ere it had reached the door, Mrs. Upchar's carriage arrived, of which she begged us to make use. We availed ourselves of her kind offer and drove to Mr. Virtue's, and taking him with us, first called at Mr. James Parker's and then went to Mr. Murray's, who lives in the Temple. Upon arriving, we found that the constellation of which we were in search (and which was no other than BROUGHAM) had just gone to procure places for us in the church, and that we must proceed thither immediately, which we did with Mr. Murray, Papa having whispered to him that in case of meeting B. he should introduce us. Upon ascending certain steps, Mr. Murray exclaimed, 'There is Brougham,' at the same time adding, 'Brougham, this is Mrs. Chalmers, Miss Chalmers,' upon which Mr. B. took off his hat and made a low bow. We then proceeded onwards to the Temple Church, which was saved from the Fire of London, and in which the Knight Templars are interred; where we heard Dr. Benson. The ladies were separated from the men, but I discovered Brougham as he was standing in the centre of the church and kept my eye on him all the rest of the time. Mamma's features relaxed a little when I whispered to her, 'I see the top of Brougham's head,' and a little after, 'I see one of Brougham's eyes.' When the service was over, Mr. Murray and Mr. Virtue came to take us out of church; but there was some delay on Papa's part, who was waiting for

Brougham, as they said, so we advanced to meet him through one of the aisles, and found him standing beside the great Whig; but I should not call him so, for I understand he is *trimming* just now, and Papa introduced me a second time to make it sure, when Brougham actually shook hands with me and said he had had the pleasure of making my acquaintance already. Then a large party of people, including Lord and Lady Lansdowne, Capt. and Mrs. Basil Hall, Sir James Scarlett, Brougham, Mr. Murray, Genl. Ramsay, a descendant of Allen Ramsay's, Mr. Virtue, and ourselves went over the different rooms in the Temple. Brougham is very animated, and seemed to take a great interest in the addition that was to be made to the library, saying, 'It will be a very great improvement.'

People may say if they please that Brougham is ambitious, and that he has sinister designs about the Anti-Slavery Meeting; but still, his talents are to be admired in public life, his amiability to be loved in private. I believe few are exempt from political ambition, and I think it the most natural thing in the world. His smile is very benignant. His hair begins to get grey, but he does not look very old—perhaps between forty and fifty. He is tall and has a good figure, and a velvet waistcoat becomes him very much. He was dressed exactly the same as at the meeting, and wears a blue watch-ribbon. Were I better acquainted I would suggest to him to wear his watch suspended by a black ribbon round his neck. Murray was very sorry we had not come to breakfast, as we should have heard Brougham's conversation. I was very sorry to take leave of him. Scarlett is a portly gentleman who wore a brown

greatcoat. After leaving the Temple we drove to Mrs. Upchar's, when we had luncheon, and then Mamma and I proceeded to Ulster Place, and Papa and the Upchars went to church, where Papa was to preach. There was a good deal of thunder and lightning in the afternoon. When Papa returned he told us of a little incident which had happened that morning at Mr. Murray's. He and Genl. Ramsay had been introduced to each other, but not in a sufficiently audible voice, so that neither knew the name of the other. In a short time Genl. Ramsay said, 'What a piece of work Brougham and Scarlett have had this week getting the organ arranged for Lutheran psalm tunes for *Chalmers*.' And a little after: 'I understand *Chalmers* is to preach this afternoon,' upon which, being re-introduced to *Chalmers*, he smote his brow with horror at his want of ceremony. He was exceedingly attentive to us afterwards, and accompanied us to the carriage, I suppose, to make up for the mistake of the morning. But my reason for introducing this is to show how very kind and attentive Brougham was (and Scarlett also) in endeavouring to accommodate the organ to Papa. It shows a delicate attention which I particularly admire, and we should never have known it but by accident. I heard Mr. Murray ask Mr. Brougham if that was the usual organist who performed, to which he replied that it was not, that he was the chief organist, who, I suppose, had been ordered on Papa's account too. I remarked that, although it is said that Brougham is a free-thinker, he bowed when Christ's name was mentioned. Mamma got an account of the last hours of Henry Shore from Lady Teignmouth.

Monday, 24th May. Papa, Mamma, and I rode to Mrs. Rich's, and found her just getting off to take us up, so we got into her carriage and away to the British Museum. Rev. Mr. Forshall went with us through it, also some aunts and cousins of Mrs. Rich's sisters, and one of her brothers. Mr. Forshall explained everything to us. He showed us the Alexandrian manuscript and a number of ancient and foreign books, several brought from Babylon by Mr. Rich, Lady Jane Grey's prayer book, with some lines written by herself the night previous to her execution, and a collection of letters of ancient people, some of Charles II, some of James I and Cardinal Wolsey, and a number of more ancient date. Then we saw stuffed creatures, fossils, minerals, etc., but I was much interested by the seals and ring which Mrs. Rich herself gathered among the ruins of Babylon. There are a number of stones with impressions, and quite ready to be set for seals lying about there, but no one ventures to approach it to gather any thing. Then we saw spoons, forks, and utensils of various kinds from ancient Rome, showing that Mr. Rentoul's aspersions against the manners of the Romans, when he supposes they ate with their fingers, were unfounded. We then went to look over some prints, and afterwards lunched with Mr. Forshall. Saw Mrs. F. and two little masters F. for a little and then returned home. Mrs. Rich told us she had been in the ventilator of the House of Commons on the night that Mr. Robt. Grant first brought on the Jew question, and that in reply to his speech, Mr. Spencer Percival rose, and with the utmost solemnity said, 'In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ I protest against admitting to

our councils those who have crucified Him.' The whole House was electrified by the solemn tone in which he uttered these words.

We found on our return that Sir T. Acland and Mr. Shore had called. I was sorry we did not see them. Mr. Dunn, an Irish clergyman, whom I have often seen and whose features are perfectly familiar to me, called for Papa. Just as we were dressing to go to Lady Radstock's, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton called and staid some time. The Misses Waldergrave took us to Ld. Radstock's in the evening. There we saw Mr. and Miss Vernon, Mrs. Wall, a rich and benevolent lady (and we wonder whether she can be the widow of Govr. Wall who was hanged for killing a slave), Mrs. Puget (Lady Radstock's mother), Lord Calthorpe, and Lady Charlotte Calthorpe. I have named all whom I saw, but Mamma bids me say there were a Lord and Lady Kintore and Lord and Lady Lorton, the latter of whom was like a ghost. Lady Radstock somewhat resembles Miss F. Duff, looks young and lively, and has a great deal of simplicity.

Tuesday, 25th May. Mr. Chalmers called, also Mr. Smith Wright and Lady Sitwell, who is the aunt of Mrs. Pratt's brother-in-law, Capt. Sitwell. They are going to Scotland in a week to visit their daughter. We then set out to make calls. Called at Sir Thomas Baring's, Lord Calthorpe's, Lord Teignmouth's, Countess of Morton's, Capt. Hall's, Sir T. Acland's, Mr. S. Percival's, none of whom were at home save the last, but we did not go in, as we have not seen Mrs. Percival, but Papa went in and Mr. P. came to speak to Mamma. Papa went into Lord Calthorpe's to write a note to him to see

if he could by any method get us into the House of Lords to-night, but as it was an interesting question he found it impossible, every place having been engaged sixfold. It is a remarkable thing that on a Tuesday we should have gone to the House of Commons and failed in getting into the House of Lords, and that Sir T. Acland's eldest son was of age to-day. We left Mary Campbell writing for Lady Teignmouth, who hopes to find out whether it be a language or not. The chief discomfort of to-day was that we had an uncomfortable greasy gig which we had picked up coming home from the Zoological Garden, and which looked very well on a fine day, but in a cold grey day was very disagreeable and shabby. Then it shook so much that I am certain it was a cart in disguise. We met J. Parker as we were going into a shop. When we returned we found Mr. Irving, who brought a letter from Mr. Henry Drummond, whose speech was thought by many (among others, by Spring Rice and the Misses Macaulay) the best at the Anti-Slavery Meeting. He talked of a black O'Connell and a swarthy Bolivar being necessary to emancipate the blacks. There was a very heavy shower, in the midst of which a Mr. Ker and a Mrs. Macturk (I think her name was) came to ask Papa to preach at Birmingham, and told Mamma that every heart and house in that city were open to receive us. Papa was at Mr. Leonard Horner's at dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Virtue came to drink tea with us. Mrs. Virtue is young, good-looking, and more interesting than I should have supposed a lady who got uneasy about her 'husband and her house' to be.

Wednesday, 26th May, was a very wet day. Mr.

Vernon called on Papa, and Miss Hope Munro on Mamma. Mrs. Babington, Mrs. Macaulay, and Mrs. Parker called, also a Mr. French, on Papa. Afterwards, Lord Bertram, and Miss Noel called, and then Mrs. Puget and Lady Radstock. It was Lord Barham who called, but I thought all the time that it was Mr. Baptist Noel. We dined with the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry. Lady Teignmouth and all the Shores were there, also Lord Barham and Miss Noel, and Mr. and Mrs. Harford. Just as we were going, observed Capt. and Lady Mary Saurin. Mr. Charles Grant and his wife were there, and Lord and Lady Gifford. I do not know these last, though we have come in contact with them several times in our respective whirls.

Thursday, 27th May. We breakfasted at Sir James Mackintosh's; Miss Allen, Dr. Holland, and Mrs. Rich formed the party. Sir James told some fine anecdotes of Burke and Fox. Our visitors in the morning were Mr. Colquhoun (whom I did not see), Mrs. Buxton, and the Archbishop of York. We went to the Colosseum, and were first shown a room full of sculpture, and then were taken into a small room, and after paying sixpence each, the room and its contents were hoisted up to the Panorama, and all to save climbing seventy steps. The Panorama represented London as seen from the dome of St. Paul's. It is very well executed. On ascending ninety-four steps more we have a view of London from the top of the building, which is well worth seeing. We saw here the ancient ball of St. Paul's. On our return, Sir John Walsh visited Papa, also Mr. J. Maxwell, who is a most obliging man, for he is the first person who ever offered me a frank. Mr. Lockier came to

take leave of us. Everybody will allow him to be a very agreeable man. Then Mrs. Harford and her mother, Mrs. Harte Davis, called. Mrs. Harford is an exceedingly kind person. Mr. Paloucher also staid a short time with us. Then Lord Calthorpe's carriage came to convey us to the House of Peers. We called at his lordship's house *en passant*, but he had left it, and we met him at the door of the House. He took us through the different apartments, showed us the King's entrance and the painted chamber, which takes its name from the only part of it that appears unpainted. We were then left in Sir Thomas Tirreton's room till prayers were over, after which we were put into Sir T. Tirreton's box, which has a curtain, and which separates it from the House of Lords, but there are holes for peeping through this curtain. A number of strangers assemble about the throne, also at our part of the room gentlemen were allowed to stand separated from the peers by a rail. It is amusing to see how bold people become by practice. Mamma and I walked through the lobby, which was filled with gentlemen, with the utmost confidence, and sat in Sir Thomas's box with perfect nonchalance, though it was quite open at the stranger's side, and a perfect crowd of people there. We had hardly seated ourselves when who should plant himself by the side of our box but Sir Thomas Acland. He went, he said, to bring Lady Acland and a friend of hers to our box, as he thought there was room. Mamma saw him go up with bills from the Commons to the Lords, but I did not observe him, which I regret, as I should have liked to have seen his half-laughing countenance composed to an air of mock solemnity as he stepped back with his

triple bow from the Chancellor. However, he soon returned with Lady Acland and her friend, and staid a short time with us, but was obliged to go, and took leave of us. I suppose we shan't see him again before we leave London. Lady Acland staid as long as we did, nearly. At first a number of bills were brought from the Commons which the Chancellor must come forward to receive, and then several petitions were presented, among which was one from Lord Calthorpe, who made a speech; at the same time I spied Lord Barham walking up and down. The bench of bishops looks more elegant than any other part of the House. I do not mean that the seats are better, but that the bishops who sit on them present a finer spectacle. I observed Chester and Winchester and Lichfield among them. They wear lawn sleeves. The Duke of Cumberland was sitting near us, with a grey hat and brown greatcoat and a cane in his hand. He has horribly ugly flaxen-coloured moustaches, very long and cut to a point. I saw also the Marquis of Wellesley. After the minor business of the House was concluded, 'The *Winchelsea*,' as Sir T. Acland called him, made a speech, and, I think, spoke well; in saying so, I allude to the manner, not the matter; for, besides his back being towards us, I was listening to Sir T. Acland. I heard him regret that we did not know better the nature of the King's ailment, which we have been regretting for a month past. The debate was upon the King's sign manual. Lord Wellington rose to reply, and seemed rather angry. He speaks in a straightforward decided manner. It was pleasing to us to see Wellington and Winchelsea opposed to each other, having heard so much of the stupid

fellows' enmity to each other last winter, when they acted like ensigns of eighteen, who, having been just emancipated from the nursery, wanted to prove that they were no less brave now than when they used to annoy their nurse by shooting peas at her neat mob-cap. Then Lord Lansdowne rose to explain, and Lord Winchelsea also, and I could hardly hear the speech of the latter for the sonorous 'Hear, hear!' that Lord Holland was always calling out. Lord Holland sat near us, and we thought he contemplated a speech, for he muttered the whole time. At the end of the discussion Justice Park and another came in, thinking they would be required, but they were not. They and the Chancellor were robed and wigged, and a man's air and manner look very odd in a gown. They sat down opposite the Chancellor, and certainly the three coarse ugly-looking men with the slight swagger in their manners presented a curious spectacle. I think the Chancellor a graceful man, however. But we had not long time to observe them, as some stupid business was coming on, and both Lord Calthorpe and we had to depart. Lady Acland went to the House of Commons and we got into Lord Calthorpe's carriage. He told us that Wellington had quite mistaken Ld. Winchelsea's meaning, and I thought from some of his expressions that he had not a very high opinion of the former, which I attributed to his sitting on the opposite side of the House. Certainly Lord Calthorpe is one of the most innocent men I ever saw, and indeed I think him almost equal to Mr. S. Percival.

Friday, 20th May. Mr. Dunn and Mr. Spencer Percival came to breakfast. It is a pity that Sir Robert did not invite me to dine with him, as Mr.

Percival is to be there. I think I must adopt Mr. P.'s own plan and pursue the same course to meet him that he did to meet Papa. Mr. Hale came about three o'clock to convey us to his house in his carriage. We are to stay with him for a day or two. He has one daughter and a son, who is an idiot. On going in to dinner the latter was seated on the table, and I saw at once the case. During dinner I experienced a sensation I had never done before. I had only drank a little wine and a very little champagne, and taken a draught of beer, as I thought, but I am sure now it was strong ale. I felt as if my head was chaos itself, and something appeared to be rushing with immense force and rapidity through it, but still I continued mechanically the usual operations of dinner, though a sense of shame and horror overpowered me lest I should do anything extraordinary. I could hardly see anything, but I was quite aware of my state, and went regularly through my duties and answered the questions that were put me with a calmness, which I felt to be a horrible contrast to my real feelings. Happily, all this subsided before dinner was over, and my advice to every Scotchman is to beware of asking beer in London, for they invariably get either ale or porter. The Hales are very kind people, but it sounded odd to hear Mr. Hale always talking of the people at the West End. It reminded me of Mrs. Bombazine, the great silk mercer's wife of Ludgate Hill, of whom mention is made in the *Rambler*. When we were separating for the night at *ten o'clock*, he said, what was really the case, that the 'folks at the West End' would be drinking tea. He is troublesomely kind, for one cannot sit down in peace, for he discovers that you

are sitting near the door or in some particular part of the room where he is determined (no one knows why) you shall not sit. At dinner I said I would take cauliflower, and positively I did not know that the dish before me contained cabbage and not cauliflower, but he declared I should have some next day, though I do not know the difference. Then, when one sits down to write, he brings you better ink or new blotting paper or a sharper penknife or more pens, when one is in want of nothing. But he is excessively kind and is ready to do everything to oblige us, or that he thinks will in the least conduce to our comfort.

Saturday, 29th May. I was too late for breakfast, as I generally am; but to-day I had more excuse, for they breakfast at half-past eight. But Mamma rated me for breaking in upon the hours of a respectable family. There were some people whose names I do not know at breakfast. I employed the morning in writing. After which I took a turn in the garden trying to get rid of the remains of a headache acquired the night before. We dined early and then rode out to make visits. Mamma had a little cold, so she did not accompany us. We left cards at Lady Buller's and Mrs. Small's; we inquired for Mrs. Heber, but did not see her as she was dressing, and Lord and Lady Teignmouth and all the Shores were out. Papa left us then as he had to dine out, and Mr. and Miss Hale and I proceeded to the Cosmorama, which is well worth seeing, and gives a better idea of the places it represents than anything I have seen. One could quite imagine one's self on the spot. On our way home I descried a figure passing along the street which I thought I knew. I looked more

earnestly on it till at last it likewise showed signs of recognition, when I discovered him to be Johnny Callender. I forgot to state that we called at Mr. Daniel Wilson's, that Papa went into his house, and that Mr. Wilson came to the carriage door and spoke to me and said he hoped to make my acquaintance on some future day.

Sunday, 30th May. Heard Papa in Mr. Irving's. Sat before Mrs. Rich and Miss Allen, and saw Lord Calthorpe and Miss Upchar and Mr. Ker; observed Capt. Loring leaving chapel, and Chs. Grant passed quite close to me. We went to Mr. Virtue's and had a glass of wine, then returned to Homerton and dined. But I must mention that Mr. Irving introduced me to Mr. F. Drummond in the vestry. He is a very clever man, and at his house the prophets meet to discuss on prophecy. Mr. Rice admires him excessively. In the evening Dr., Mrs., and Miss Rye Smith, Mr. Bunting and Mr. George Bennet and Mr. Montgomery, the poet, came to supper. We flattered ourselves we should have some agreeable conversation, as Dr. Smith is a very learned man, and the poet's colloquial powers are agreeable, and we expected to have some interesting information from Mr. Bennet, who had circumnavigated the world. But about three-quarters of an hour before supper was announced, Mr. Bennet commenced a detail of what each inhabitant of the Sandwich Islands said to him, upon landing, and as they all said the same thing, the interest of variety was wanting. There was a deep silence in the room while the sonorous voice of Mr. Bennet repeated 'Plenty of room, plenty mats, plenty breadfruit, plenty yams,' etc. At last, as there seemed to be neither point nor

conclusion to this story, Papa began to look impatient, which only increased my great desire to laugh. But when I discovered that Miss Hale was of the same mind as myself, I felt the inclination quite irresistible, when fortunately, just at this juncture, supper was announced, which broke in upon the story, and I ran to my own room to indulge in the heartiest fit of laughing I had enjoyed since I left Scotia. I was placed next Mr. Bennet at supper, and laughed heartily after, but I daresay he thought it was with delight at his genius and wit, but the worst part was that Mr. Montgomery sat opposite and might not like to see his friend ridiculed. But certainly those who take ridiculous friends should be prepared to see them laughed at. When Mr. B. related conversation he always gave the original, whether Otaheitan or bad French, and translated it. He likewise chose to give effect to his narrative by pausing, while he performed certain theatrical shrugs *à la Français*. What increased my risibility was the remembrance of his having been coughed down at the Anti-Slavery meeting, and certainly with cause. As to Mr. Montgomery, he is a very interesting-looking man, and the few words I heard him say were well said, and from other sources I hear he has agreeable colloquial powers, but *we* had no opportunity of judging. At parting, Mr. Bennet said he was in the habit of leaving a memorial with the *children* he met, so gave me a document as a remembrance, which it shall be to me of a most amusing evening.

Monday, 31st May. Mr. Daniel Wilson breakfasted with Mr. Hale. He spoke very kindly to me. After breakfast we proceeded to Mr. Hoare's at

Hampstead, where we were to spend a day and a night. The country is very pretty at Hampstead, and one wonders to see so rural a situation so near London. We saw an immense number of asses saddled, which are let out for shilling rides. After calling on the Hoares, we set out to visit Mr. Coleridge, the Lake poet, and saw the asses we had before observed cantering and trotting with children on them, in a style which severe blows would not have induced our ass to display last summer. We staid half an hour with Coleridge, and I can give no idea of the beauty and sublimity of his conversation. It resembles the loveliness of a song. He began by telling of his health, and of a fit of insensibility in which he had lain thirty-five minutes, three weeks before. Just as he came to consciousness, and before he had opened his eyes, having heard the voice of his physician, he uttered a sentence, which I regret that I do not remember exactly, but it was about the fugacious nature of consciousness and the extraordinary nature of man. His nephew was quite amused to find the ruling passion strong in death, when he heard him utter a piece of metaphysics. From this he went to a discussion on the soul and the body, and brought in an ingenious little interlude about a bit of wire. I did not understand him always, but I admired him throughout. Then he inquired for Mr. Irving, and upon this subject he was sublime. He regretted that such a man as Irving should throw himself away upon abstruse speculations while thousands were hungering—were perishing for the common bread of life (Matt. xi. 28). This book on the human nature of Christ was minute to absurdity; one would imagine the pickling and preserving was

to follow, it was so like a cookery book. The Holy Spirit was the only respectable personage of the three. Then he told us of his own idea of the Book of Revelation, and that he had gone over the first eight chapters of it with Mr. Irving, and explained every word and every symbol; that he asked him if he was satisfied, and that Irving said the idea was so new to him that he felt stunned by it; that he had not seen Mr. Irving for a year and three months, but heard in the meantime that he was launching out into all sorts of vagaries. Talking of the Revelations, he had some fine climaxes. He said Jesus did not come now as before, meek and gentle, healing the sick and feeding the hungry and dispensing blessings around, but He came on a white horse, and who were His attendants? Famine, war, and pestilence. But I can give no idea of his voice or eloquence. There was a lady in the room who seemed to admire him as much as we, and who wisely did not talk to us, but left us at liberty to listen to him. I said to her that I wished he would be induced to publish his scheme of the Revelations, and she replied that they all wished it. The contrast between Coleridge and Bennet is amusing from its absurdity. They are both engrossers, but the conversation of the one contains nothing; that of the other is replete with mind and eloquence. I have heard people say that it showed a disagreeable admiration of himself, Coleridge's flow of talk; but I should think that person very conceited who, after having been admitted to an interview with him, should feel inclined to talk rather than listen. For my own part, I could have listened much longer. We have now met three conversational men: Coleridge, Sir James Mackintosh, and (begging

their pardon) Mr. Bennet. Worthy man! It is really ungrateful not to admire him, for he sent me a present of shells the day after I had amused myself at his expense. Coleridge is certainly the most striking person I have seen. The colloquial powers of Sir J. Mackintosh are very agreeable, but I do not think I have seen him in full splendour, and Mr. Bennet is the most amusing man, from his stupidity, I ever met with. At Mr. Hoare's we met with the dear Bishop of Chester, Miss Joanna Baillie, and Mrs. Fry, who is Mrs. Hoare's sister. We met with a number of Quakers, John Joseph and Samuel Gurney, Mrs. Hoare's brothers and their wives, Mr. John Joseph's little daughter, and the sister of Mrs. John Gurney. All these whom I have mentioned, together with Mrs. Fry, are Friends, and dress with the simplicity and use the language of their sect. I sat by Mr. Ian Gurney, and I liked to hear him say, 'Will thee take some . . .' etc. One is apt to imagine that using the second person singular must give great formality to the speech of a Friend, but it comes quite naturally and with perfect ease from them. Mr. Fowell Buxton, who married a sister of Mrs. Hoare's, Dr. Lushington (who spoke at the Anti-Slavery Meeting), and Miss Gurney, were at dinner. We had a very large party and quite a union of sects—Episcopacy, Presbyterianism, and Quakerism. The latter, however, predominated.

Tuesday, 1st June. We left Mr. Hoare's after breakfast, accompanied by Mr. Hoare and John Joseph Gurney, for Highwood Hill, the residence of Mr. Wilberforce. The party there consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Sykes, who left an hour after we arrived; Mr. and Mrs. and the two Misses Spooner, whom I

had met at Mr. G. Noel's; Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wilberforce* and their baby; Mrs. and Master Wm. Wilberforce; Mr. Wm. came also in the evening, and *the* Mr. Wilberforce, his wife, and daughter. We walked out in the evening. The two young Mrs. Wilberforces are very pretty. We staid all night, and next morning went to town with Mr. Wilberforce, Papa, Mamma, and he being in the interior of the carriage and I on the barouche. I amused myself with looking at the scenery, which is very beautiful, and with reading the *Quarterly* which Mr. Ian W. had given me. At the doors of the cottages we saw men seated on benches, and regaling themselves at that early hour with ale and tobacco, which is, I suppose, an effect of the Poor Laws, as in Scotland they have no time for such idleness. On entering the town, we took leave of Mr. W., and Mamma and I went to Brunswick Square, where we found Capt. and Mrs. Darroch in perfect health. We had luncheon with Mrs. James P., during which Papa arrived, and after having finished we went to Mr. Noel's at Richmond. I was very glad to see them again. After having dressed for dinner we went to dine with the Marquis of Lansdowne, who has a house at Richmond. There we met Mr. Spring Rice, Sir James Mackintosh and Sir Charles Melton, Miss Ricardo, daughter of *the* Ricardo, a daughter of Lady Lansdowne's and her governess. Before dinner we enjoyed the view of the valley from the balcony, while the gentlemen walked down to the river. We spent a

* Mr. Samuel Wilberforce, son of the Mr. Wilberforce, and afterwards Bishop of Oxford and Winchester. His wife was Miss Sargent, and her sister was Mrs. Manning, wife of Rev. Mr. Manning, afterwards Cardinal Manning.

very pleasant evening. I had a long talk with Mr. Rice. Lady L. is a very pleasant person indeed. I believe Mr. Rice told Mamma that Sir Thos. Acland was a very good person, but had a great deal of boyishness in his character, and that one day when his son and Sir T. were jumping over tables Lord Sidmouth's Secretary came in, and that he (Mr. Rice), to show he did not keep bad company, was obliged to talk of Sir Thos. as the member for Devonshire, that the pompous secretary might be satisfied. I have bungled this in telling it, but the effect the whole story had on me was to increase my admiration both of Sir T. Acland and of Spring Rice. Sir J. Mackintosh did not unfold much this evening. He was just beginning to be interesting when we set off. He told an anecdote of Martin that one night when he was being coughed down in the House he expressed his regret that so general a cold prevailed in the House, but that he would be much obliged if any gentleman would *cough distinctly*, that he might know with whom to sympathize in particular. When we returned we found the Noels ready to retire.

Thursday, 3rd June. Mr. Sam. Wilberforce came to breakfast, besides several others. Afterwards, Mr. Gerard Noel, several of his daughters, and Samuel Wilberforce, sung Heber's poem, 'By Greenland's icy mountain,' etc. I never heard anything so beautiful as the style in which they sung it. It was quite heavenly, if I may say so. The Miss Noel, who played, made the air suit the words, and expressed the winds and waters beautifully. When we got into the stage for London we were agreeably surprised to find Mr. Rice in it. We had two other fellow passengers, a silent member and a talking one. The latter was a

Richard Martin M.P. for Galway.
 In 1899 his bill for the prevention
 of cruelty to animals passed. It had
 been with much opposition &
 many fears but Mr. Martin
 persevered till success crowned his
 efforts. He was deservedly the

personification of John Bull, just like the pictures you see of men on stage-coaches, with white hats and brown greatcoats. He began to talk on political economy, and I never heard such nonsense uttered with an air of such sagacity before. It was quite evident even to me that the man knew nothing about the matter. Papa tried to *insense* him, but it was impossible, and Mr. Rice argued with him, though I could see, from the quiet smile that played on his countenance, without much hope of success. There was no convincing him that the price of a coat being changed from £5 to £3 would not impoverish the country. He said the tailors would starve, when Papa said that the other £2 would get into circulation through some other medium and might return to the tailor. He said, 'Ah, but where do you get the £2?' In short, he spoke perfect nonsense, and would not keep out of the conversation either. On the arrival of the coach at its destination we bid adieu to Spring Rice. *Non lo rivedrò più.* Papa then went to the House of Commons, after having left Mamma and me at Sir Thos. Lawrence's exhibition of pictures. We saw the portraits of several people whom we knew. Mrs. Harford was very like. Marquess of Lansdowne very like also, and I thought I never saw anything so inimitable as the portrait of the Chancellor; I could have imagined it would leave its frame. Then there were two of Duke Wellington, admirable; and one of most of the Kings of Europe, of Pope Pius VII, and also of several of the Royal Family, viz. Dukes of York, Clarence, and Cambridge, and Prince George, that of the little Doña Maria, Prince Schwartzenzeide. There was a picture of the King on a sofa, which, after Papa had

returned, I began to praise to him with all my might, declaring it 'the best that had been taken of him,' and alleging the Bishop of Winchester as my authority. Just as I said the words I looked round, and behold, there were the Bishops of Winchester and Chester within a few paces of us. After a little, to show the Bishop of Chester how conversant I am with the dignitaries in the House of Peers, I said, 'How very like the Chancellor is.' 'I do not know that gentleman,' he replied. I thought then he must be deaf, for a few nights before I had seen him gazing on the Chancellor in the House. Mamma afterwards told me that Lord Winchester had said to her that he never saw such a failure as that portrait of the King on the sofa, which I had lauded so much in his name; that there was another very like, but that was a copy, and had not succeeded at all. And Bishop Chester had told her that I had been talking to him about a picture at the end of the room, which he supposed I had mistaken for the Lord Chancellor, as the wig gave a great similarity of appearance, but that this picture was of the Master of Rolls, not of the Chancellor. So that my sagacity on the subject of pictures has been pulled to the ground by these bishops, whom I esteem and admire notwithstanding. It is quite delightful to see the two brother-Bishops, brothers in disposition, as well as by nature, alike pious and amiable, going together through the rooms. When I saw one wig I was certain the other was not a yard distant. I was quite sorry to say farewell to them. But certainly I can hardly believe that the picture was not intended for the Lord Chancellor, it was so exceedingly like him. We saw, as we were leaving the exhibition, Mr. and

Mrs. John Joseph Gurney. I believe painters have some difficulty in disposing of arms, etc., but I admire the easy attitudes which Sir Thos. Lawrence gives them. There are two pictures of 'poor Canning,' one of them in the act of speaking. From the exhibition we went to Mr. Chalmers and dined with him. We bid adieu to my Uncle, etc., and having left Papa at Archbishop of York's, proceeded to the Parkers. Saw Mr. and Mrs. Darroch for the last time in London, as they go to-morrow to Scotland. After leaving them, we returned to Mr. Hale's, for the remainder of our stay in London. Found that Mrs. Hale and her daughter, Mrs. Collingwood, had arrived.

Friday, 4th June. Spent a good deal of time in writing my journal, which had fallen into nearly a week's arrears.

Saturday, 5th June. After an early breakfast we took leave of Mrs. and Miss Hale and Mrs. Collingwood, and, accompanied by Mr. Hale, proceeded to the coach office, where we had to wait a considerable time before the Southampton stage arrived. At last it came, and we, bidding adieu to Mr. Hale, took our places for Winchester. I employed myself in reading the *Pictures of London*, which I was very sorry to leave, but was a good deal disturbed by the conversation of a lady passenger, which she kept up like a running fire for most part of the way. We observed the Richmond passenger, whose name is Capt. Saunders, on the coach. After some time, as Papa had expressed a wish to go on the outside, Capt. S. told him there was room, and he ascended to it, from which direful consequences ensued; for a well-known informer was seen to pass and ask the

name of the proprietor, who discovered that there was one too many on his coach, and that he was liable to a fine of £10. He had not known before that Papa had changed his place, neither was Papa aware that there were too many, so the mistake was quite innocent on all parts. The result was that Capt. S. came inside until a vacancy should be made, and I disliked him even more than at Richmond. He said in his vulgar language that 'he had been a bit of a rogue that day,' for he wished to draw out Dr. Chalmers's arguments. I was very glad when he departed. We dined hastily on the road, and immediately on arriving at Winchester, we set out to see the Cathedral, which the clerk assured us is the first in England. Many of the Saxon monarchs are buried in it, and William Rufus was the last king interred there. Besides, the tombs of many bishops are in the Cathedral, among them Bp. Gardiner, whose head some zealous person has hewed off the stone figure representing him. The dust of Canute is contained in a copper chest in the choir. Bloody Mary was married here, and the chair on which she sat is shown. Between the chapelries of Bishops Fox and Gardiner is a place where many small pieces of sculpture, dug from about the Cathedral, and strange barbarous-looking figures of four Saxon monarchs are placed. Winchester is a small neat town, whose whole character is quite English. It is very ancient. Some say it was founded 1,100 years before Christ. In one part stands the city cross, a very pretty little piece of architecture. There are numerous arched gateways at the entrances. This town was frequently honoured by the presence of Royalty, and a house is shown in which Charles II dwelt two years. The

English small towns are as different as possible from the Scotch, so much neater. Winchester and Kirkcaldy are at Antipodes from each other.

Sunday, 6th June. We called on Dr. Dealtry in the morning and were introduced to his lady, and proceeded to church with them. We saw the young men at Winchester College walk into church. The organ of the Cathedral is very fine. Mr. Hoare preached. To-day, both Dr. Dealtry and he wore aprons. In Cathedral they wore their surplices. We drank tea with Mr. Hoare in the evening, where we met Dr. and Mrs. Dealtry. I am partial to English clergymen. They are very agreeable, though generally of short stature. They have such amiable smiles. The inhabitants looked very smart to-day; the men with their clean white frocks and the women with their smart dresses. After leaving Mr. Hoare's, we walked a little about the town.

Monday, 7th June. Messrs. Hoare and Dealtry called for us in the morning and took us to Winchester College. I think the accommodation is not equal to that of the boys at Heriot's or at Greenwich, yet the young men are the sons of gentlemen! The chapel is very fine and the windows beautifully painted. There are some valuable works in the library, among which is a history of the Grace family. We walked round the cloisters. Near the kitchen is a painting representing the personification of a trusty servant, with a man's body, a pig's head, to show he is not nice about his food, ass's ears for patience, stag's feet for swiftness, a padlock in his mouth to show he does not tell tales, etc. Mamma and I left the gentlemen, as they were to call on an old Bishop, and proceeded homewards. In a short

time, Papa and Dr. Dealtry came, then left us, then returned again and left us again. We left Winchester at three o'clock in the Southampton coach. After arriving at Southampton and having tea, Papa and I went out to stroll about town. This city has far more a commercial air than Winchester, and contained a great many shops. We went to the harbour, where a man accosted us, offering to row us to a certain old castle, which offer was declined. There are one or two arched gateways and also some remnants of what was (I suppose) the city wall. There is some shipping in the harbour, and altogether the town has a busy commercial air, very different from the almost drowsy appearance of Winchester.

Tuesday, 8th June. At six o'clock in the morning we set off in the Bridport coach, and after numerous delays from horses falling and passengers coming, we left Southampton. We had one other passenger inside. Poor man! He was sometimes in great pain from spasms. We passed through the New Forest and saw several parties of deer. Breakfasted at an inn in the midst of it; where was set, before us a dish of acorn-fed pork (for the people send their pigs to the Forest to eat acorns), which Papa said my not tasting showed a great want of genius. Upon arriving at Bridport we joined my Uncle Patrick,* waiting for us, who took us to Pymore, where we were introduced to Mrs. Chalmers and her two little girls. Her son did not come from school till the evening. Mrs. C. is tall and handsome, and the children are very pleasant looking. It is remarkable that I was introduced to them on a Tuesday!

* Patrick Chalmers, younger brother of Dr. Chalmers, married Miss Harriet Carige.

Wednesday, 9th June. I cannot remember the names of the Bridport people, so shall not attempt to designate them all. I employed myself all day in making a smart frock with a petticoat, apron, and a couple of veils for Eliza's doll. A boarding school-mistress and her pupil (a blushing terrified country girl) came to tea; afterwards they went to hear Papa preach.

Thursday, 10th June. We went into Bridport and first called at Dr. Roberts', the apothecary's, and saw his curiosities. I never saw such a melange of things—cases of stuffed birds, lions' skins, leopards, Indian gods, models of churches, antiquities, fantastic-looking machinery (made by Dr. R. himself, who seems quite a virtuoso), a large case filled with stones, and here and there bits of glass twirling round meant to represent a waterfall, a clock in which a bird sings a German air, moving its beak with great execution, etc. There we were introduced to two ladies, who followed Papa the whole day after, and, having discovered he was to be at Mr. Foster's at tea, went without invitation there. After leaving Dr. Roberts, Papa, Mamma, and my Uncle left Mrs. Chalmers and I, and we went to several shops and I was introduced to some of the shopkeepers, particularly one, a Mr. Stephens, from whom we bought some articles, and who is a Quaker, and into whose parlour we went, to see his sister. We then called at Mr. Strang's, who gave me a newspaper, as I wished to read the debate. Mamma, Mrs. Chalmers, and I dined at home, then went to Mr. Foster's, where we met the aforesaid ladies, Mr. Stephens and a sister of his, Papa and Uncle. Mrs. Foster is a rigid Quaker now, though before she was married she

was the gayest of the gay. She asked 'Harriet Chalmers' what was Mamma's name. Their son has a most unquakerlike vivacity, and I think him a very fine little fellow. Mrs. Chalmers and John and I returned in the gig, and were stopped near the door of the house by a Mr. Battescan, who wished us to dine with him next day.

Friday, 11th June. I made a blue frock for Helen's* doll, which distressed Eliza* a little, as she much preferred blue to green, which was the colour of hers. They were both sent early to a boarding school, where they are to be till their Mamma returns from Scotland. The Miss Stevens, the mercer's daughters, called, but I did not go into the room while they were there. I read after dinner the debate on the Forgery Bill. Then Mamma, Mrs. Chalmers, and I walked into town to Mrs. Strang's, but first went to a toy-shop to buy a doll for Helen. The shopkeepers are Quakers, and while I was looking at their articles, the mother and a daughter came in, and I was introduced by Mrs. Chalmers, and they made such a hubbub between cash and compliments, silver and civility, that the quiet modest Miss Kenway behind the counter and I could hardly get our affairs settled. However, at last I got my articles and left them.

After tea L. took us home in the phaeton. But before we were half our way, the shocking roads dashed it about so that the spring broke, and we had to get out. However, we arrived very safely at home.

Saturday, 12th June. At seven in the morning after a hasty breakfast, the carriage having been repaired, Mr. and Mrs. and Patrick Chalmers, Mamma

* Daughters of Mr. Patrick Chalmers.

and I left Bridport in the phaeton. It must be understood that Papa had gone to Exeter the day before, and that we expected to join him in Bristol in the evening. The roads about Bridport are shocking. This is a very hilly country, and during our whole journey we alighted and walked up the rising grounds for the ease of the horse. Indeed, I think I must have walked nearly half way, perhaps about thirty miles. Bristol is sixty-two miles distant from Bridport. We passed Mr. Conway, a country squire, on horseback, near the entrance to the house of Sir Wm. Oglander. At a little distance we had a view of a beautiful spot, the hamlet of Chiselburgh, whose spire rises from a wooded glen at the foot of a hill. On reaching the inn of the small town of Crewkerne, we found Mrs. Chalmers there. But we were hurried immediately to the house of Capt. Sims, who insisted on our going thither. Spring broke at Beauminster third time; did not annoy us much, being so much accustomed to it, but we sent it immediately to a wright, while we walked forward with the Sims family. Phaeton soon overtook us, when we bid adieu to the Sims and drove off. We had now entered Somersetshire, and we passed through the village of Norton, which contains an old church. We saw many asses feeding on the roadside. England seems to abound with them. We travelled on till we reached Martock, which contains a fine old church, then on to Somerton, a pretty considerable town, where we saw an Exeter coach in which Papa was not, and a man came and told us some nonsense that I did not understand about Mrs. Chalmers. I do not know whether we reached Long Sutton or Compton Dunden first; they are both small villages, the former

containing a church and tower built on an ascent, the latter a venerable, though very humble pillar, raised on some grass-grown stone steps near the centre of the village meant for the cross. Then we travelled and we travelled and we travelled till we came to Street, and landed in the inn. There Uncle went to see that the horse was well treated, while Mamma, John, and I ate an excellent cake which we found in the basket; then we went to a Quaker's family of the name of Clarke to tea. I suppose they were small farmers or yeomen; by the dress of the gentlemen and by that of the lady I suspect she was a wet Quakeress, for her hair was curled and her cap had a frill, which was very wrong. I do not like Quakers at all. I have come round to Mr. Samuel Wilberforce's opinion on that subject. I liked them when I had seen only refined Quakerism, where it was accompanied by elegance of manners in such people as the Gurneys and Fosters, but when one comes to mercers and tradesmen it is a very different affair. After leaving Street we proceeded to Glastonbury, which contains some very fine ruins of an abbey and a fine cathedral. Then we passed through Wells, situated at the foot of the Mendip Hills; in the centre of one of its streets is the cross, from which proceed four spouts of water continually playing. I wished to have driven near the Cathedral, but there was not time. The Cathedral is very good. The interest of small English towns is much heightened by the old grey turreted churches, which are often seen in them. We ascended the Mendip Hills and had a fine open view from the top. The scene was quite English, very much dressed with a number of small eminences. We looked back upon the country we had traversed,

and saw far behind us many of the objects which in the morning we had seen depicted on the horizon before us. The prospect was very beautiful, but we soon lost sight of it; for having, like the King of France, come up the hill, we found it expedient to go down again—on the other side. We went very rapidly down, for the horse did not seem at all fatigued by its long journey. However, at the foot of the hill we stopped at an inn to have it fed, and Mamma, John, and I walked forward, while Uncle remained with it. We walked on, hoping to see a baker's shop, for we wished very much for a few biscuits, but, alas, we did not see a house of any kind after passing the little hamlet at which we had stopped. At last the sun went down, and it began to get cold and dark, and we thought Uncle very long of coming, and I feared to go down the very lonely road that was before us. At last we took courage, and walked as far as some houses on the other side of the way, but still Uncle did not come. Then we were really anxious, and were walking back, when we heard the car rattling down, and were soon seated in it, and driving as fast as possible to Bristol. We had now a fellow-traveller on horseback who seemed to be going the same way. When it grew dark, we saw the bright light of a glow-worm (the first I had seen) shining at the side of the road. We were within a mile of Bristol, when some men and a woman who were standing on the footpath called to us to stop, and on our doing so, said they were sitting up to watch for a lady of the name of Colmar by the orders of Squire Hare, and that, as she was to be in a one-horse carriage, they thought we might be the people. However, we told them they were mistaken, and

drove off. But in a little it occurred to me, that Colmar, somewhat resembled Chalmers, and mentioning it to Uncle, he thought it better to inquire a little further into it, so hollaed to the people to speak to him, upon which one of the men ran to us. We asked if the name was not Chalmers, and he said, as if suddenly recollecting, that he thought it was, and, moreover, told us that an old gentleman and a young lady had come to Squire Hare's already. Upon asking what the old gentleman's age might be, he said, 'about fifty,' so we determined to return with him, not knowing what was to be the issue of the adventure, though the man said he was sure it was all right. As we approached the gate, Papa came to meet us. He had been anxious about us when it became late. We were ushered into a comfortable well-lighted dining-room, where a good supper was provided for us, of which we were very glad, and were introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Hare. We were told that Mrs. Chalmers had retired. It was quite like a fairy tale—all of us travelling in different ways, and meeting, unexpectedly, at a house of which we had known nothing before, and with a family we had never heard of. After eating a poached 'hegg' at the request of Mr. 'Are,' I went to Mrs. Chalmers, and was told that the mail had been stopped, and she had been brought in to Firfield. I was quite delighted by the novelty of the adventure. Altogether we had spent a very delightful day. I should like to traverse England in an open carriage; one sees so much more of the country, and it is far preferable to the mail, because one is not exposed to society. The horse seemed as fresh at the end of the journey as at the beginning.

Sabbath, 13th June. We met at breakfast a Mr. Wilson, a nephew of a philanthropist, who spends £20,000 a year on philanthropy. Mr. Hare is, I find, a person of the same class as Mr. Hale, but I prefer the former, for he has not any of that frightful want of tact and delicacy that was so horrible in Mr. Hale. . . . He looks very good-natured and benevolent, and has just finished building a Dissenting chapel. But his language is not couched in the most grammatical terms, and he misplaces his h's very generally. Mrs. Hare is a very pleasant woman, and is sister of Mr. Cottle. In the morning we heard Mr. Leifschilds, and on the way home Mr. Wilson argued with Papa against establishments. We have got quite among a set of Dissenters at present. Mrs. Patrick Chalmers' brother, Mr. Carige, came to dinner, and after dinner I walked out for the first time among the grounds, which are very small but well laid out. We visited the pond, in which the golden fishes are contained, and the stag and the hermitage, etc. The whole party, some in the carriage and the others, including myself, in the phaeton, went to drink tea with Mr. Joseph Cottle, 'rich Bristowar's boast.' He is not in the least like what I expected. He is an elderly man with a most benevolent and placid expression of countenance. Both of his feet are deformed. We met his sister and his niece, Miss Saunders, also Mr. and Mrs. Clayton and their daughter, who was set beside me to talk to me, but found nothing to say, although she is twenty-four years of age. There was a Miss Wilson, daughter of Capt. Wilson, who went with the first missionaries to Otaheite and (I suppose) brought Lee Bos to this country, and a Miss Whyte and Mr. Forster, the

greatest man in Britain, or perhaps in the world.* The party was very large, and we sat in a formal circle round the room. After tea the *young* ladies, viz. Misses Whyte, Wilson, Clayton, Saunders, and myself, were sent off to church. Miss Saunders took me to Mr. Cottle's studio, where were pictures of John Henderson, Coleridge, and Southey, the two last taken when young. On arriving at church, not another person had yet come, and we were divided into different pews; and I was put into one by myself, and had to sit all the time till service began, doing nothing, for I had not a Bible; and I certainly thought it would have been quite as well to wait for the others. Mr. Hall (who is about as great a man as Mr. Forster) preached, Mr. Henderson having opened the service. Mr. Hall speaks so low that it is hardly possible to catch what he says. We returned directly to Firfield, and after supper went to bed.

Monday, 14th June. The carriage and phaeton, loaded with people, drove to Mr. Hare's chapel, and we visited the Infant School, which is under the same roof. It was a very interesting sight. There were bairns as young as Fanny, and wiser I daresay, though some of them began to squall and bawl. When they get drowsy they are laid in a bed, and while we were there one girl was soundly sleeping on the mattress. The little monitors, with their important countenances, sung the multiplication table, 'two times two are four,' and the whole of the others repeated it after them. They say pieces of poetry after the teacher, and I should recommend them to learn 'Multiplication is a vexation,' etc., as

*This opinion seems to be quite sincerely expressed. It is to be feared that the gentleman who occasioned it has not left indelible 'footprints on the sands of time.'—M. G. B.

I think it would interest them and keep alive their attention. It should always follow the multiplication table. Mr. Carige joined the party just as we entered Redcliffe Church. This is a fine building, 'old and grey.' We afterwards visited the Cathedral, which is considered poor, but is very well, and contains some interesting monuments, among others that of Sterne's Eliza. We then proceeded to Clifton to the house of Mrs. Hannah More, and were shown into her drawing-room. She was very ill and in bed, but her room communicated with the drawing-room by folding doors. Two maiden ladies who live with her and were quite like English elderly maiden ladies, came to us and said that Mrs. More could not see us all at once, but wished Papa and Mamma to go to her. Afterwards I was taken in, when she received me with great kindness. She has a most pleasing countenance and a very kind manner. Afterwards the others were admitted, and Mrs. Hannah begged Papa to pray, when we all knelt down and he offered up a short prayer, after which she thanked him, and we took leave of her. But just as we were going she called for the little boy (John), and directed one of the old ladies to take from the bookcase the *Sacred Dramas* and to present it to him. When he gets a little older he will be able to appreciate this gift, though now he thinks the book he got from his schoolmaster as good as it is. This very interesting interview being at an end we separated from Uncle's party and went to visit another eminent, Mr. Robert Hall.* His wife (who was a

* Possibly Robert Hall, Baptist minister, who died in 1831, and was a prolific writer of tracts. The superlative terms in which he and Mr. Forster are referred to in this Journal are a sad and melancholy instance of the transitoriness of human reputation.—M. G. B.

servant, for he possesses the eccentricities with the flowers of genius) was in the room. She is very different from him. He soon entered, and reclined on some chairs, on account of the tic douloureux, with his pipe in his mouth. He wore a black dressing-gown. His appearance denotes talent; he has a striking countenance, and he smokes all day long. When we entered the drawing-room, it was evident that he had been there from the smell of tobacco. He said Sir J. Mackintosh was a very extraordinary man. We staid a very short time with him, then returned to Firfield, where we found Mr. and Miss Cottle and the four young ladies I had seen the day before. They dined with us, and I thought Miss Clayton's intellect a little disordered, for being of a very quiet temperament and hardly moving and scarcely ever speaking. The smile, with which she appeared to struggle almost constantly, made me think there must be something wrong about her. She has just recovered from a severe illness, which may have weakened her mind. After dinner I looked over prints and Mrs. Hare's album, which contains the portraits of many celebrated men, such as a profile of James Montgomery, very like, and a picture of Sir James Mackintosh, and one of Mr. Hall, not in the least like. Miss Cottle looked over the book with me, and a portrait of Byron with some hostile lines under it having turned up, she looked at it with an expression of dislike and said, 'How I hate that Byron!' I was certain that the Cottles would never forgive him for the attack he made upon them. Misses Clayton and Saunders played a little on the piano, and I played part of *Nel Silenzio*. Mr. Wilson, father of the one who is

staying here already, came about supper-time, and will be Mr. Hare's guest for some time.

Tuesday, 15th June. Mamma was not very well, and I sat in her room writing and working most part of the morning. They all went to Bristol, while Papa preached the first sermon in the new chapel. When I entered the drawing-room before dinner I found it quite full of people. I am certain all the Dissenting interest in Bristol was there, Mr. Leifschilds among the rest. There were a few ladies, but the bulk consisted of gentlemen. There must have been more than thirty people. The table was quite crowded at dinner, but half a dozen persons sat at side tables. (I forgot to mention that Miss Carige called for a few minutes before dinner.) In the background, Mr. Hall reclined on a sofa and dined in the Roman style. I walked out for some time after dinner, but soon the whole party, excepting Mamma and myself, went to town to hear Mr. Clayton preach. I employed myself in practising while they were away, and Mamma went to her room to read some stupid book. But no words can describe our vexation on being told at supper by Mr. Joshua Wilson, that Mr. Hall had reclined alone in the dining-room the whole evening, and had only been gone a few minutes, and for want of any other amusement had occupied himself in reading seventy hymns! There was a golden opportunity gone that will probably never return, for it is not likely we shall ever have such an opportunity of conversing with him again. And Mamma could have explained the Row miracles to him, which Papa had been telling him at dinner time, and we should have had him all to ourselves for three hours. It is the greatest mortification we have

experienced since we left Scotland, and it is remarkable too that it should have happened on a Tuesday.

Wednesday, 16th June. Went to Mr. Hall's. We had been invited to breakfast, but did not go. I was introduced to Miss Hall, who drove with us to Mrs. Forster. It was extraordinary, that in the same morning, we should call on the two greatest men in England. Mr. and Mrs. Forster, her sister, Mrs. Cox, and the two Misses Forster, were just setting off to Mr. Hare's, where they were to dine. After sitting a short time with them, we departed in our carriage and they followed in Mrs. Cox's. After having set down Miss Hall at her own house, we all went to the floorcloth manufactory. They manufacture all their materials, such as the canvas and the paint. The stamping of the pattern is very interesting. Then we were joined by Mrs. Patrick and Miss Carige, who had spent the preceding night in Bristol. Besides the party already mentioned, on reaching Firfield we found Mr. Cottle and Miss Saunders there. Mrs. Forster is (as Mr. Henderson, who dined with us, says) as clever as Mr. Forster. His daughters are very quiet and reserved girls, but I had a great deal of conversation with the youngest, which ended in her telling me a secret which is inviolable on this side of the Tweed, but which I am allowed to tell Ann Parker. During dinner, Mr. Henderson attacked the Establishment, and he and Mr. Forster were quite violent against it. Papa had a tough argument with them. I never saw anything like these Dissenters; they would pull down Church and State, and like the monkey in the Zoological Garden, snatch the very wig from the Bishops' heads. I never got so completely into their set

before, and it is really vexatious to see such men as Hall and Forster among them. I heard that two English clergymen called in the evening, and I wish I had seen them; it would really have been refreshing. The Misses Forster, etc., and I walked out after dinner, visited the golden fishes, found one of them dead, then proceeded to the stag, having first made a man drive away some cows which were near it. We soon returned to the house. Mr. Carige came to tea and took away Miss C. in the evening. About the same time the Forsters departed, also all the visitors.

Thursday, 17th June. Papa, Mamma, Mrs. C., and myself set off for Blaire Castle; Mr. Carige joined us on horseback on the road. We called for Mr. Cottle and Miss Saunders, who accompanied us. We first drove to the hot wells and drunk a little of the water. Here the scenery is very fine. The river is bounded on one side by high cliffs, on the other by wooded hills. Then we drove through some very beautiful country, passed the house where little Laura Fitzroy underwent the operation, and drove through Lord de Clifford's park, till we reached a point, from which we had an open and commanding view of the country, and of the hills on the other side of the 'blushing' Severn. After having admired a sufficiently long time, we next visited the cottages built by Mr. Harford. They are very beautiful. We entered one of them, whose inmate was an old lady who said she was of a very clerical family, being related to many clergymen. We then proceeded to Mr. Harford's house and saw his steward, who took us to Blaire Castle, which is only occupied by an old woman. From the top we have an extensive view.

In one of the rooms, are the coats of arms of a number of people, the King's, Lord Lansdowne's, and Teignmouth's, etc. Besides, busts and pieces of sculpture ornament the rooms. The grounds are very well laid out. We passed an arbour paved with horses' teeth. We visited the conservatory and the flower garden, which is beautiful. In the centre is a pond containing innumerable goldfishes, which all collected in one spot when the steward threw some crumbs in to them. Having returned to Bristol and set down the Cottles, we went to Mr. John Hare's, with whom we dined. After dinner they all went to hear Papa preach, but Mamma, Mrs. C., and I, did not. We remained a very short time at Mr. Hare's, which time I occupied in music, and then returned to Firfield, and I did nothing particular the rest of the evening save write my journal.

Friday, 18th June. At eight in the morning we left Firfield for Bristol, where we got into the Birmingham coach; Mr. Carige came to the coach to see us off. I observed a young man arrive who was very like Mr. Vigil, but who was not he. The party had all the interior of the coach, but being anxious to go to the top, we desired the coachman to try whether any one would change places with Mamma. At the next stage he announced that a gentleman had offered to come inside, so Mamma mounted, and this person, who was no other than the young man like Mr. Vigil, entered. He turned out to be a Cambridge student who was fond of metaphysics, and meant to take Orders soon, as he was bent on reform, and wished with all his heart to lash the High Church party. He appeared enthusiastic and sanguine—had been a *reading man* at Cambridge,

and was upon the whole an agreeable young man. To-day we passed through fine scenery both in Somersetshire and Gloucester. We rode through the pleasant towns of Tewkesbury and Gloucester (a cathedral town), Cheltenham, Worcester, and Droitwich; our view was for some time bounded by the Malvern Hills. At one time Papa left the inside and a poor woman came in, and then this young man told us, that he had not known before that he was travelling with Dr. Chalmers, that he was well repaid for having given up his place in his conversation, and that he had read his astronomical discourses three times on his last holidays. But he soon resumed his seat on the outside, and a great fat man somewhat like Henry Hunt came in. Soon after we arrived at Worcester, where the people dined, but our party went to a pastrycook's and ate ill-made ices, by which we were very much refreshed. At the next stage, Mrs. Patrick Chalmers and I went outside, but I disliked it very much, for the man had stopped very often for glasses of peppermint and drove very ill, and I felt that the responsibility of the coach was upon me; so altogether disliking my situation, I took the earliest opportunity of returning inside, where the company consisted of the fat man, an Italian, the student, and myself. There were few words from any party, but I certainly thought my situation odd, to be there by myself. But soon the foreigner and student went, and Mrs. Patrick Chalmers and the brother of the latter came in, till at last the carriage being at the foot of a hill, the contents of the coach were turned out to walk up, all except the ladies, so Mamma and John rejoined us inside. And after ascending the hill, Papa came in, so we had our own

party again, and rode quietly to Birmingham. The country through which we passed to-day was very beautiful, and the town exceedingly pleasant. The spires or towers of churches, which occur so frequently in English landscape, have a good effect rising from the foliage. On arriving at Birmingham we found Mr. Nott, the stationer, waiting for us (also Mr. Ker, who called for us at Regent's Park, with Mrs. Macturk), and were conveyed bag and baggage to Mr. Nott's house. Having had tea, I was rather alarmed to hear some one say that Mr. Ker had determined upon me sleeping at his house, and that some Misses Lloyd had also settled I was to stay with them, and that Mr. Ker had conceded the point to them. But I thought in my heart, 'Miss Chalmers shan't go to either,' so declared that, if not inconvenient to Mrs. Nott, I should prefer remaining with my friends at her house. So they yielded the point to me, but it seems these Misses Lloyd are to call on me to-morrow to show me the town. I really wish I could get to that happy town, if there be such in the world, where there is nothing to be seen. There were several obsequious men at Mr. Nott's to-night. I only know Mr. and Mrs. Nott and her mother, Mrs. Hare. I employed the evening in writing to Miss Edie and my journal.

Saturday, 19th June. Several gentlemen came to breakfast; whenever I was finished, I ran to the drawing-room to read an Annual which I had seen, but was soon followed by the old lady who had feared I was ill. Then the Misses Lloyd called and offered to take me about in their Uncle's carriage, so it was settled they should call for me at two o'clock. At twelve o'clock we all rode out with Mr. Nott, and first

visited the button-manufactory, which is very simple and interesting, but it would be useless to describe the process. Thence we proceeded to the church, in which is a monument by Chantrey of James Watt executed in white marble. It consists of a basement five or six feet high, on which is a figure of Watt as large as life and very like him. The attitude is easy and natural, and it is altogether the most perfect and pleasing piece of sculpture I have seen. And as the guide said, the coating of dust which it had acquired served to bring out the shades better, and besides, gave it a silky look. Mr. Chantrey had ordered that it should not be touched, till he came to Birmingham again. The church was very respectable for a country parish. After leaving it, we called on a Mr. Turner, who is in deep grief, having lately lost a daughter who has left a husband and four children, the eldest four years old. Her stepmother, Mrs. Turner, is very deaf. Mr. Turner was much agitated when we first entered, but the ladies went to the dining-room for some refreshment, while Papa and Mr. Nott sat with Mr. Turner and his son-in-law. When they came to the dining-room we left it, as so many strangers were too much for Mr. T., and Miss Richards brought in two of the children—very nice, pretty children. After sitting some time with them, we returned home and found that we had broken our engagement with the Misses Lloyd, as it was after four o'clock, and they had called twice for me, and could not return. However, Mamma, Mr. Nott, John, and I walked to Mr. Tomlinson's, where we saw a variety of plated articles and a copy of the great Warwick vase brought from Tivoli. This had been six years in being constructed, and was very hand-

some. On our way home we stopped at one or two shops, particularly at a French shop, where we bought several articles of jewellery. Here we met a strange-looking man with stockings *à la* Tam o' Shanter, who rode home with us but did not come in. On reaching home we met Mrs. Patrick Chalmers in full dress, who told us that a large party had arrived to dinner, and that we must don our apparel as fast as possible. We did so, and going into the drawing-room we saw a number of gentlemen, principally English clergymen; for, though the Notts are Dissenters, they are not in the least bigoted, and do not feel polluted by sharing their bread and salt with the Mother Church. Among the visitors were Mr. Spooner and his brother, Mr. Marsh and his brother, and some others. Mr. Kennedy came in before we left the dining-room, and the Misses Lloyd and their cousin and the Misses Marsh came to tea. When the gentlemen came upstairs we were much amused by Mr. Kennedy. He gets so much excited and speaks very loud, and repeats the same thing so often that we could not help laughing. I could not resist it, when I looked over to the youngest Miss Marsh, whose risible faculties were very much excited by him. At one time he began to beg a gentleman's pardon for correcting what he conceived to be a mistake, and about ten minutes after I heard him continuing to repeat the same sentiment in different words over and over. He is very good humoured, and I like both him and the Messrs. and Miss Marsh and Misses Lloyd.

Sunday, 20th June. We went to the Scotch chapel in the morning, where Mr. McDonald opened the service, and Papa preached. We had thought of

going to the English church, but Mrs. Freere was very much opposed, for she said the people would all be anxious to see the Doctor's family. However, we did not go for that reason, but because it was more convenient, and I disliked the feelings that the people's eyes were upon us. After service we spoke to Miss McGregor, Miss Wilberforce and her friend, with whom she is staying, not far from this, Miss Palmer, Mrs. and Miss Spooner. We then went to Mr. Ker's to lunch, where were a number of people. After lunch all our party, except myself, returned home, but I wished to go to church, so I went into the parlour with Mr. Ker's children till the gentlemen should be ready. There were seven little girls, the eldest ten years old. They told me, they were all very naughty children, and that a school-fellow of theirs, Miss Phillips, was a very rude girl. I soon left them for church, and was obliged to go alone from the vestry to our pew. I observed Mrs. and Miss Spooner and Miss Wilberforce in the front seat. Mr. McDonald, as before, commenced, and Papa preached, and after sermon, Misses Wilberforce and Palmer accompanied us to Mr. Nott's to dinner.

Monday, 21st June. We left Birmingham at eight o'clock. Mrs. Patrick Chalmers and I being the sole occupiers of the inside, and Papa, Mamma, and John occupied the top, and Mr. MacDonald accompanied them the first stage, as far as Lichfield, where we were allowed twenty minutes to see the Cathedral. We walked quickly through the aisle among the lofty pillars that had stood for ages in solemn grandeur, and had only time to see the chapter-house hastily, and I observed Lady Mary

Wortley Montague's monument as we were leaving, and would have called the attention of the others to it, but just then the horn blew and off we flew, each with their cloaks flying in the wind, and Papa with his greatcoat, like the picture of Christian or Hopeful climbing the hill Difficulty. So we crossed the green, and ran down the street till we reached the coach, and skipping in, away it drove. Then we passed through Abbot's Bromley, then Uttoxeter and Cheadle, where we took in a little passenger, then Leek, where the passengers appropriately dined, and where we set out the little passenger, but took in a woman. We were joined by an inquisitive man at Macclesfield, to whom Mrs. Patrick Chalmers was very communicative, and told him where she lived and where we had been, and that Papa's and Mamma's watches had stopped, and many other particulars, and he began to question me, but I did not give him so much information. We passed through Stockport, the most disagreeable smoky town I ever saw, built of red brick. There are houses all the way from Stockport to Manchester, so that they almost appear the same town. Manchester is a most horrible town, built of smoky-looking red bricks. Its atmosphere consists principally of the black smoke that issues forth in dense clouds from thickly-scattered tall red chimneys. We were met here by Mr. Barbour, who took us to dwell at his house. They are Glasgow people, and have the accent in perfection. His inmates are his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. Allen; his brother came in the evening. Mr. B. is a widower.

Tuesday, 22nd June. After breakfast, Miss Barbour, Mrs. P. Chalmers, Mamma, and I, accompanied by Mr. Allen, set out to see some manu-

factories. We first visited the tape-making, and were shown some machines going up and down and round and round, which set in motion all the machinery in about twelve rooms, and was the cause of as much noise as might have deafened a mole. Then we saw some pirns dancing the lancers, which produced braid. Then we visited reed-making and the iron foundry, and returned to have some lunch. Then we went out with the intention of driving round the town, but had only time to see the printing of cotton, which is somewhat like printing floorcloths, and then to call at Mr. Frederick's for Mrs. Morton.* We saw there her daughter Catherine, who seems a nice girl with a great deal of simplicity. I walked round the garden with her. Mrs. Morton was looking better. Mr. Grant† and Papa arrived as we were going, and Mr. Grant rode part of the way home with us. Another Mr. Grant, a ridiculous man with a large party of gentlemen, dined at Mr. Barbour's.

Wednesday, 23rd June. I left Mr. Barbour's with Papa in the coach for Liverpool; our companions were two ladies, one of whom was a great chatterbox, and would not allow Papa to read. We were met at the Old Swan by Messrs. Chs. and Patck. Parker and Mr. Wilson, who took us to Aigburth in two phaetons; Papa and Chs. in one and us in the other. We stopped to look at the railroad and saw one of the engines move. I was met at Aigburth by Ann, who received me characteristically by a shout of laughter. We then dined, and after dinner saw the celebrated

* Sister of Dr. Chalmers.

† The Messrs. Grant were supposed to be the prototypes of Dickens' Cheeryble Brothers.

Eliza and her amiable brother Charles. But now was to come the formidable part—my introduction to all the Sandbaches,* who, Ann told me, were prepared to find me very grave, and could talk of nothing but botany and mineralogy and other scientific subjects. So Ann, having instructed me how I was to behave, took me to Woodlands, and in her boisterous manner introduced me to all the Sandbaches, old and young, and then made me jump over a railing to show them that I was a romp. Then we walked over a hayfield, and, in passing, Miss Castley, the governess, took up a flower carefully and said, 'Do you know the name of this, Miss C.?' so I told her I knew nothing about, which I daresay surprised her, for she supposed I would have said *Urbs Edinburgum*, of the germs of which Juvenal speaks when he says, '*Femina sapit quae pauca loquitur*,' etc.† So being really amused by knowing that they were all observing me particularly, I laughed and talked very merrily, and at last Miss Castley said, 'Oh, you are such a different girl from what I expected.' I admire Miss Castley when her countenance is lighted up by animation.

Friday, 25th June. Ann and I having been with difficulty rescued from the dominion of Morphy, breakfasted at eleven o'clock, and then set off in a carriage with Mr. Hoffender, Papa, and Mary Rose, although it was pouring of rain, to have a drive in a steam engine. Mr. Charles and Pat rode in the phaeton. Upon arriving at the destined spot we climbed a steep bank to await its arrival, but after

* Charles Parker married Miss Anne Sandbach in 1825.

† Somebody presumably wrote this, but it was not Juvenal.—M. G. B.

standing in the rain for some time we were told it had passed an hour before, so we returned the way we came; but before we had gone far we passed the railroad and saw the steam engine *in propria persona*. There had been some mistake about it which I did not take the trouble to comprehend, but we got into the waggon and rode five miles in it in ten minutes, sometimes faster and sometimes slower, and once at the rate of thirty-four miles an hour. The motion is imperceptible, and the feeling of moving so quickly most exhilarating; we wrote each a sentence while we were at full speed, and would have done so with perfect ease had not the rain, which was very heavy, blotted the writing. Afterwards we went to the entrance of the tunnel and met there Mr. De Cappleton and Mr. Scoresby. We here entered a waggon, and being pushed off, the motion accelerated, and we passed through the tunnel one mile and a quarter in four minutes. It was very cold at first. After leaving the tunnel, Pat, M. Rose, Ann, and I were sent off in a post-chaise—I mean in a crab (a machine which moves sideways)—to Aigburth. It was most natural we should set about some piece of mischief when we were left by ourselves, so in our wisdom we thought it would be an excellent project to have our hair dressed; so setting at defiance all prudence, and regardless of wet feet and dripping bonnets, we ordered the coachman to drive to Mr. Friseur's. But he was so tedious upon Ann's hair that we got quite impatient, and saw that it was out of the question that any of us should be curled. Pat frequently remonstrated, but the friseur only told him that a lady's hair was of more consequence than a gentleman's time; that it was an excellent thing for

gentlemen to spend several hours in the day with ladies, as it taught them patience, which was an admirable virtue; and finished by a number of very natural stories of men being first ready for balls and then being so impatient as quite to disturb him in his operations on a lady's hair. Pat said after that he would have knocked him down, only it would have taken time. On arriving at Aigburth we got lunch and prepared for going to dine with Mr. Sandbach. We went after they had begun dinner. The Misses McCorquodale and their brother dined also at Woodlands. We spent a very pleasant evening. I liked Miss Sandbach very much; she is so very mild and gentle. Pat's conversation was much talked of to-night by Ann and Miss Castley. We had been conversing with them on the sofa very beautifully, but when it was known that he possessed these colloquial powers, and when we all gathered round him and requested him to talk—as Miss Castley said—'the charm was fled.' We could not get a regular talking-match instituted, for the ease of conversation was past. Just then Mrs. Sandbach came in from Aigburth, where she dined, with orders to send us home; but the night was very wet, and Pat and Willy were sent to get leave for us to stay all night. We walked up and down in the hall till they returned (I being with Miss Castley), when they brought in two bundles with our various apparatus for the night, together with permission to remain. Mary Rose slept with us, and Miss Castley curled her hair beside us.

Saturday, 26th June. We breakfasted with the Sandbaches, then went over to Aigburth in the morning, and I packed. Mr. McCorquodale called

(as he said) to shake me by the hand before going. We lunched at Aigburth, and having taken leave of all the Sandbaches (whom I will not dismiss from these pages without offering my tribute to them as being a most agreeable, amiable, and handsome family), Papa, Ann, and I set off on the phaeton to the Old Swan for the Manchester coach, at the same spot where we had left it three days before. We had not long to wait before it arrived, and taking leave of Ann, we got in and found a Mr. Porter, an Irishman whom we had seen somewhere about the steam engine. He professed some of the chivalrous spirit of his countrymen; for, seeing that Papa took off his hat at the first change of horses, he took from his luggage his own travelling cap and begged Papa to wear it, being, as he said, apprehensive lest he should catch cold. However, the cap proved too small for Papa's head, and the man had the Quixotism to cut up part of it. But afterwards he insisted on Papa taking it with him to Edinburgh, as he could return it then easily, and Papa, to avoid an altercation about it, accepted the offer, much to my distress, as I know it must be mended before it is returned to Mr. Porter, and if I had known before I should have made violent opposition to its being ripped up. Well! without any particular accident we arrived at Manchester at Mr. Barbour's, and Papa went out to dinner, but I staid at home and drank tea with Miss Barbour and Mr. George. Afterwards, while I was sitting sewing gloves and talking about commercial affairs, I heard a knock at the door, and a familiar voice inquired for Dr. Chalmers. Mr. Barbour went to talk to it, and it inquired for Mamma, so being told she was in the country but that I was within, the

door opened, and the voice assumed form and substance of Mr. Vigil!* I hope I have given him as many points of interrogation as I did James Parker. Indeed, I think he deserves more, for I certainly was far more *surprised* at seeing him than the latter. He sat apart awhile with us, and told us that he was not in France, and that Mr. Atherton's plans had been changed, etc. He took leave before going in to supper, as he had an appointment at that hour. Mr. Allen was there when I went to supper, and soon after Papa and Mr. Barbour returned from dining at Mr. Daniel Grant's. Now it was discovered that Papa had not his sermon for next day, and after searching the boxes and cutting open the bag in vain, we were forced to conclude that Mamma had taken them with her to Mr. Grant's, who lived thirteen miles from town. Papa was very much vexed and annoyed by this unlucky circumstance, and we were in a complete dilemma, till at last Mr. Allen rose, declaring he would ride there immediately. This chivalrous declaration was opposed by all, and he was entreated to delay till morning, but he was determined, and said he would be back with the sermon in two hours, and so saying, strode out of the room. He performed his promise. He left Manchester at eleven o'clock and returned safely with the precious documents (I believe, before two o'clock).

Sunday, 27th June. On going to the breakfast-room, the first thing I saw was a newspaper surrounded and intercolumniated with black. My worst fears were confirmed by Papa telling me that the King was dead!

* A young student of Dr. Chalmers'.—M. G. B.

We heard Papa in the morning in the Mechanics' Institution. He preached upon death, and made some allusion to our departed monarch. Mrs. Hedderick and Catherine Morton were in church, and I was surprised to see our old friend Mr. Bennet there. After sermon we met Mamma and Mrs. P. Chalmers, who returned to Mr. Barbour's with us.

Miss Thomson and Miss Sword called on us. Then we dined, after which we called at Mr. Danl. Grant's and were introduced to Mrs. John Grant and Miss Grant and Miss Walkinshaw, whom I like, because she is the only person I have seen who is really sorry for the King as a man. Some regret him on political grounds, others because they must buy new black gowns, but few really feel for him. There is an original picture of him in Mr. Grant's. We had some thunder in the evening, at which I was so frightened that I was obliged to fly to the back drawing-room, where I found some pineapple which Miss Walkinshaw cut for me, as I would on no account have touched a knife myself, and I was busily engaged eating it when the ladies entered, and were much amused thereby. We heard that Mr. Bennet was in the dining-room and had been disclaiming to the party, and soon after he came in and was very hearty in his compliments. After having shaken hands with Mamma and inquired for me, I presented myself to him, when he informed me that I was a very lovely girl and always had been, and would always continue to be so. I heard a whisper of his having partaken freely of the juice of the grape, and am inclined to believe that, notwithstanding his sanctity, his want of tact allowed him to overstep the quantity prudence would have assigned. There was

a very strange scene after dinner between his stupid speeches and Mr. D. Grant's admiration of these. I daresay there were never two men who would enter more readily into each other's views in making each other ridiculous with the utmost simplicity of heart. Mr. Grant talked of the honour he had in entertaining 'his two distinguished friends, Mr. Bennet and Dr. Chalmers,' etc. Miss Barbour and I went home and were followed by the others, and as we were going to church with a Mr. Smith, we met them in the lobby with Mr. John Grant, who said he should like to kiss me even through my veil, so I submitted to the hug which followed up this speech and which resembled that of a bear. Then Mr. Smith, Miss Barbour and I went to the Institution to hear Dr. C. At first I had my seat very low down, but soon Miss Barbour beckoned me to come to a higher and more agreeable seat. We had a most eloquent sermon. I observed Mr. Vigil in church, but I had not an opportunity of speaking to him, as Mr. Smith hurried us out of church before the sermon was well finished. I met him, however, as I was going home with Mr. Allen. We rode in a *crab* to call on Mrs. Morton, and stayed some time with her. Heard we were to depart at an earlier hour than we had expected on the morrow.

Monday, 28th June. Made preparations in the morning for leaving Manchester. As we were waiting for the carriage, Mr. Vigil called and walked with Mr. G. Barbour to the coach to see us off. We had to wait some time before the stage was ready; we thought it best to sit in the carriage, and Messrs. Vigil, G. Barbour, Allen, and Barbour and all the others waited with us. We met Mrs. Morton and

Miss Morton, and they, with Mrs. P. Chalmers and I were in the inside of the coach, and Papa, Mamma, and John, on the top. We hoped the weather might be favourable, but soon after leaving Manchester it began to rain heavily, accompanied by 'loud thunder,' which 'rent the frightened heaven.' The vivid lightning flashed through the sky, and we in the interior all trembled not only for our own safety but for those on the outside. We particularly disliked Mamma's situation. Poor Cath. Morton got quite frightened. I amused myself by turning over the contents of my bag and reading the *Pictures of London*. Upon reaching Preston we landed at the inn that Mamma might change her stockings, which being done we left Preston with better hopes of the weather. But—as I was watching the dark angry-looking clouds, I saw a flash dart from them, and the lightning continued until we reached Lancaster, where we heard that a man had been killed by lightning a short time before our arrival. This was very melancholy news. We had a comfortable enough evening in the inn and made a most excellent tea.

Tuesday, 29th June. Mrs. P. Chalmers and I went to a shop upon which we had fixed our affections the preceding night, but it disappointed our hopes and we found it of no value. Then we all, except the Mortons, went to the Castle and saw the prisoners, male and female, felons and debtors. They seem a very agreeable, sober, pleasant set of people. Several men were working in the treadmill. We got into John o' Gaunt's chair, and the place where the man had been killed the day before was pointed out. The church is a very handsome edifice. While we were

there, a funeral, attended by women, entered, and the priest began to pronounce the burial service. The chapel belonging to the prison is a neat building, and the prisoners are confined in railed partitions, and those who are condemned to die have a door from their pew which leads directly to the scaffold. In the interior of their partition are written several texts appropriate to their state. On our way home we furnished ourselves with cakes, and the Carlisle coach being ready, entered and drove off, the Mortons, Mrs. P. Chalmers, and I being inside as before. We had good enough weather to-day, however. On reaching Kendal, a crowd collected round us, the occasion of which we discovered to be a felon who sat opposite Mamma on the outside, and who had broken into a jeweller's shop some time ago. We passed through Penrith to-day, and part of the scenery of Cumberland is very grand. It unites the beauties of England and Scotland, having the hills of Scotland and the trees of England. We spent the night at Carlisle, and at half past four next morning we left it for Dumfries.

Wednesday, 30th June. Papa, Mrs., and Miss Morton were to follow us some days after, and Mr. Napier was on the outside of the coach. We passed Gretna Green, and entered Scotland, and found it a bleak barren country. Positively there was hardly a tree on the way to Dumfries, and hardly an object was to be seen but low swelling eminences and whitewashed cottages. I thought it a very disagreeable country. We had a very pleasant drive; the morning was clear and pleasant, as it always is at that early hour, and I had the impoliteness to laugh in the face of Nature in the exuberance of my mirth.

How glad every object one can see is, at that early hour, but how rarely I enjoy it! We breakfasted at Dumfries, then walked about the streets, then got into the mail and arrived in the forenoon at Castle Douglas, where we met the Misses McLellan and Eliza and Grace, with whom we walked to Kelton, where we met Mrs. McLellan. We dined and drank tea, and Mr. McLellan came to supper.

Thursday, 1st July. The Misses Barbour called in the morning. We went through all our meals as usual, and I tried to make up part of my journal, but did not finish it.

Friday, 2nd July. I came down to breakfast before the others had *quite* finished. Occupied several hours of the forenoon in dressing, then wrote my journal and had a glass of buttermilk. We had some very agreeable conversation in the drawing-room about mourning for the King, and old gowns and caps, and all the intricacies of the toilet, etc., and Mrs. McLellan is very anxious that an amphibious black head-dress of hers should be immortalized in these pages. We dined at seven o'clock, I suppose, and after dinner Mr. McL. and Mrs. P. Chalmers and Mamma rode in the gig to Castle Douglas, while Miss McL. and I walked. We lounged there in shops, buying scraps of ribbon and cheap gloves for an hour, then returned the way we came, but it rained very heavily.

Saturday, 3rd July. I was downstairs before Mamma and found the breakfast very good. The others complained that there was salt in the tea, but as I drank coffee I was exempt from that annoyance. My *déjeuner* consisted of scones and coffee. Then I sat down to work in the drawing-room and told Mrs.

P. Chalmers and Eliza (whose birthday this is) several stories, particularly that of the accident the Pope met with the other day when he was wounded by the Great Mogul. Mamma, etc., rode through the country in the evening, and Papa, Miss Margaret McLellan, Eliza Grace, John and David Halliday, sailed on the lake, but I stayed quietly at home with Mrs. McL. I forgot to mention that Papa had arrived in the forenoon from Woodhouselee. Mr. and Mrs. Crosbie arrived to tea this evening.

Sunday, 4th July. I heard Papa preach in the morning. Capt. Jones, whom I saw here the last time Papa preached in Kelton, called at the Manse, but with a different Mrs. Jones from the one he had then. The first lady died ten months ago, and he has been a month married. Several others whom I did not observe came in. Mrs. Captain Dunn, Mrs. and Miss Sinclair, and Mr. Williamson and Mr. James Halliday dined here. I sat some time in the drawing-room after dinner, then descended with my sisters to my own room, where we read the second and third Epistles of John, interspersing them with our own remarks. I then learnt part of a hymn in 'The Christian Year,' after which we went out to walk, and John and Eliza, Grace and I promenaded in the garden and avenue till it was very late. I had some interesting conversation with Grace during our walk. We then went in to supper, after which we came to look at the moon, and walked as far as the gate.

Monday, 5th July. We had some morning visits, but I only saw Mrs. and Miss McLellan, who staid to dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Crosbie, who dined with us, and their nephew, Mr. J. Crosbie, came in

the evening. I observed a Mr. Glover too, once, when I went into the drawing-room.

Tuesday, 6th July. During the forenoon Col. Gordon and Mrs. Lidderdale and Miss Hannay called, after which we had lunch; then made ready to dine at Buitle Manse, the abode of Mr. Crosbie. From motives of convenience a painted cart was fixed on as the mode of our conveyance, in which Mamma, Mrs. and Miss McLellan, Mrs. P. Chalmers and I, with Mr. McLellan as charioteer, were driven to Buitle. It jolted in an extraordinary way, being a succession of little jumps. As we left Kelton, the view of the lake, interspersed with small wooded islands and Castle Douglas beyond it, was very fine. Douglas Castle looked beautiful in the different points of view in which we saw it in passing. Before we had reached the Manse we were forced to betake ourselves to our cloaks and umbrellas, as it began to rain slightly. We, however, escaped the worst of the shower. Mr. and Mrs. Croker and Mr. Crosbie, the Minister of Parton, dined at Mr. Crosbie's. A boy and two little girls walked into the room after dinner. We met also Mr. Sinclair and Papa, who had been exploring the country during the earlier part of the day. In going home at night an exchange was made; viz. as Mrs. Chalmers had been observed on the point of fainting several times in the cart, it was judged expedient that Mr. Sinclair should drive her in his gig and Papa should come with us. We had a very merry party in going home.

Wednesday, 7th July. Papa, Mamma, Eliza, and I left Kelton, after a hearty lunch, in Genl. Dunlop's carriage, to visit him at Southwick. We saw Miss Sinclair for a few minutes in Castle Douglas. After

passing Buitle and going through a great deal of wild and rugged but romantic scenery, consisting principally of wild hills and rocks covered with heather and ivy, the Lover's Leap and Lot's Wife (which is a tall rock standing by itself), and passing through a small village, we reached the General's house, where we met him and his daughter, for we did not see Mrs. Dunlop till after she had dressed. There was no one but ourselves at dinner, and conversation rather lagged. The family is very pleasant, and I think the General would rather fight over again his political than his warlike campaign. He takes great interest in what is going on in the House of Commons. After dinner Miss D. showed us several little curiosities, and I amused myself in playing with two puzzles.

Thursday, 8th July. After breakfast, Miss Dunlop, Papa, Mamma, Eliza, and I set out on a voyage of discovery among the hills and woods which surround the house, for it is beautifully situated. We were enjoying ourselves very much when it began to rain, but we persisted in our scrambling, hoping it would soon pass away, but the grass got wet and the rain heavier, and the ladies ran home as fast as they could and left Papa to explore the country alone. After taking off our wet things, I sat down to write in my own room.

Mrs. Hindman and Miss Goldie, Mr. and Miss Craik dined here to-day, and the former staid all night. We amused ourselves with the puzzles in the evening.

Friday, 9th July. Left Southwick in the forenoon for Broomlands. Explored the ruins of Sweetheart Abbey, which I had visited four years before, and

sat on the identical stone on which Mr. Thomson of Duddingston sat to take a sketch of the ruins, which are the finest I ever saw. The clergyman accompanied us. Called at Mr. Stoddart's, where we lunched. They have a number of fine children. Arrived at Mr. Taylor's of Broomlands, from where, after having eaten strawberries, we set out with Mr. T. to visit Burns' monument and Burns' widow. We then called on Mrs. Milligan and Mrs. Clyde, Dr. and Mr. G. Duncan, Mr. Begg, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Miss Taylor.

Mr. Duncan and the student turned with us. We then went to the top of the house to see the view. We had some fine music from Mrs. Taylor.

Saturday, 10th July. At seven in the morning we went into Dumfries, where we met Mrs. Patrick, John, Eliza and Grace with Mr. McLellan. The first four set off with us in the coach for Edinburgh. Passed the grand hills at Dalseen and near the foot of Tintock, through the town of Biggar and through Penicuik. On arriving at Princes Street, we found John and David Chalmers* waiting. They ran home to tell, and we got into a coach and were received by a number of smiling faces at home. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chalmers† and their sons were there, so we made an excellent tea amidst questions and greetings. And here I find myself on the very spot from which we set out on our journey.

* Nephews of Dr. Chalmers.—M. G. B.

† Brother of Dr. Chalmers.—M. G. B.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Written in 1880 by Anne
Chalmers (Mrs. Hanna)



AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

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Chalmers (Mrs. Hanna)*

WE left Glasgow when I was ten years old. I therefore do not remember seeing any persons of distinction before that, except that at a very early period of my life Sultan Katta Gheri, a Tartar, was in our house. I was sitting on a little stool hemming a handkerchief, which I told the Sultan was for Grandmamma. I thought he said 'Are you hemming a handkerchief for Grandmamma-mösel?'* and though they said not afterwards, I always fancied he had.

The next person of note I saw was Miss Edgeworth. I was then ten years old, living at Blochairn, where I found a copy of her 'Patronage,' which I devoured eagerly. My father was invited to meet her at dinner at Mr. Graham's. His own account of it to me was that she had been wearying much to meet Mr. Clarkson of the Anti-Slavery; that at last they were to be brought together that day at Mr. Graham's; that he had requested leave to bring me, that I might see the authoress of so many nice stories. He then explained how the lions in the Tower of London gave rise to the soubriquet of Lions for famous persons. Therefore there would be a Lion and a Lioness. He added, 'Some people

* Evidently 'Mademoiselle.'—M. G. B.

even go so far as to call your Papa a Lion.' I said, 'Oh, Papa, that would be great nonsense.' I went to this dinner, but felt very shy, never having been at anything like it before. I kept as close as I could to Papa, and so at dinner was placed between him and Miss Edgeworth. She, misunderstanding my feelings and wishing to sit next Papa, said, 'Now, my dear, we shall change places—in that way you will still be as near to me, and I shall be nearer your father.' She was little and plain and elderly. After dinner she had to rest, and I still can see her little form reclining on a sofa in the drawing-room. She had two young sisters who looked pretty, and one of them sang, to my father's delight. I have the song in my desk copied by herself for Papa. It is 'The Lass of Livingston.' I was then rather precocious, and thought these young ladies wanted to play at very childish games with me, who had just read 'Patronage.' I must thus have seen Clarkson too, but the only impression that remains is that of Miss Edgeworth and her sisters, which I feel to be something gained after the lapse of half a century.

But all this while, was not Edward Irving's a great name, familiar as he then was, teasing, playing, romping with us? He would set us on the mantelpiece and threaten to leave us there. I think he made us impudent sometimes by his play. Once, when I was eight or nine, we were at Ardincaple Inn for the summer, and he stood with my father at an open window, talking rodomontade to me playing down below. I only remember 'my lovely Anne,' and my throwing up gravel to stop him, my father laughing at the scene. We thought him so strong. He used to take off his shoes and stockings, and turn

up his trowsers, and pull down the little boat into the water, then carry us out and row us over to Roseneath. Mr. Story, in his life of his father, describes a *fête champêtre* at Roseneath, where Mr. Irving was. There was music under the trees, and I was one of the children dancing there, as you can see in Mr. Story's book. Another thing I remember of Mr. Irving is this. He said one day to Papa, 'These children ought to have more amusing books; you should give them the "Arabian Nights."' I heard him say this, and afterwards he brought us from Ireland, in a present, the whole set of books belonging to the Kildare Street Society, thirty-three in all. This was for years our nursery library, where we got all sorts of useful and entertaining knowledge—all about Captain Byron and the loss of the *Bounty*, Capt. Bligh and Otaheité, Prince Lee Boo, The Robins, Pecksy and Flapsy, the Butterfly Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast. When I look back on it, I am pleased to think we owed all this to kind Mr. Irving, and am sorry to think that Kildare Street has ended, like so many good institutions. I wish besides to say that Mr. Irving was not only the somewhat grandiloquent orator. He was very playful in those days, and there was a physical grandeur and strength about him that made him seem heroic to us.

He came to stay with us at St. Andrews after the Kirkcaldy gallery fell. Eliza fell in that gallery, as did many other of our relatives. Capt. Pratt's pew was the front one where it began to fall. Mamma and Uncle Sandy were below, but it stopped before it reached them. Eliza said she felt as if she descended slowly to the floor, and it may be it swayed

before it went quite down. Mrs. Pratt held on by the book board, which did not give way. I saw Mr. Irving again in London in 1830. He was told one day it was my birthday—I was seventeen then. He said, 'Dear child, may it come often.' That was just when he began to be interested in the Row miracles—and I feel certain Papa was the first who told him about them. Dr. C. brought from Scotland a bit of unknown tongue-writing, to try if linguists knew what language it was, but no one did.

No one who was in Edinburgh when George IV visited it, can ever forget that scene. I was eight years old, but I have never forgotten it. The enthusiasm of loyalty was so fresh and true that, young as I was, it thrilled my heart. It was met on the part of the King with a royal grace peculiarly his own. He wore tartan ribbons and had bunches of heather; there were medals too. Somewhere about the east of Princes Street my eyes rested for the only time on Sir W. Scott. He was walking somewhat lame, between the two rows of soldiers on each side of the street. The band was playing 'Highland Laddie,' which I had never heard. I thought it a most beautiful tune. I saw George IV, but what a transitory pleasure it is to see a passing King! I knew he was there because of the intense excitement of Papa, who waved his hat and cheered with an enthusiasm no one could be near, without being carried along with it. And after half a century I feel it still, when I think of these days.

Now I think we must leave Glasgow and pass on to St. Andrews, after stating that I saw Robert Owen of New Lanark. He made no impression on me, but I heard my father tell how, when walking with Owen

through New Lanark, a child ran from a cottage door and gave a gooseberry to Mr. Owen, which had an Arcadian look. We went to St. Andrews in 1823. I was still ten years old, when Mr. Young, the great tragic actor, came to our house in South Street on a Sunday evening, to talk about his son Julian, then a student in my father's class. I heard him say in a low and somewhat hesitating voice, 'You can perhaps understand how it is that, placed as I am and with the associations I naturally have, I do not like to have him much with me.' That was in our long, low-roofed dining-room, where Julian had dined some time before. Long after, for one short year we knew him so well.

I had to receive the Duchess of Leeds, who came with her daughter, Lady C. Whyte-Melville, one day. She had been governess to Princess Charlotte. Lord Elgin, the late Governor-General of India, and his son James, staid a night or two with us on one occasion. That was in the Market Street; also I saw the very good Lady Powerscourt, and the Rev. Mr. Sheppard, who had some communication with Lord Byron. There was a Dr. Mayo who wanted people to learn things on the Restalozzi System, whatever that was. But I must not forget a truly great man, M. Alexandre, the ventriloquist. There were Mr. and Mrs. Babington of Rothley Temple and their daughter Mary. They staid in the house, I think, for a day or two. Then at Fairlie there was Capt. Scoresby of the whale fishing, afterwards the Rev. Mr. Scoresby, who had some celebrity; also a brother of Bernard Barton's the poet. His wife had died, and he looked very sad. Afterwards, we heard it was because he had been refused by a young lady

he wanted to marry, which made us sympathize less. Dr. Bell, who built Madras College, came to our school and examined us. We had to say the Lord's Prayer in sentences, each a phrase. I was very much afraid of making mistakes in saying it that way. Then he threw bags of sweets for us to scramble for. I can only say I never succeeded in getting any of them.

Mr. Scott Russell, who built the *Great Eastern*, was one of my father's students. He was a handsome young man, and a favourite of my father's. Mamma used to think he was one of those, whom Papa ruined by over-estimating them, and paying them great attention.

Mr. Charles Shore—now Lord Teignmouth—staid a week with us at St. Leonard's—our last house in St. Andrews. Old Dr. Hunter, Professor of Humanity, was a great name. I can see him still in a bath chair, mild and venerable; a beautiful sight it was, near the College Church, as I remember him.

In 1829 we removed to Edinburgh. My father had taken for us a house in the south-west corner of Argyll Square, now included in the Industrial Museum. He said it was suitable and *academic* to live in that square, so near the College; and that Brown Square, which was not so good, had '*a Lord*' in it. This was Lord Glenlee. My father greatly approved of his living in Brown Square, and walking in his robes through the Cowgate to the Parliament House. It was fitted, he said, to impress the inhabitants with a sense of the majesty of the law when they saw him thus, day by day, pass through their quarter.

We now received many people more or less

distinguished. I think Dr. Andrew Thomson and Dr. Gordon were at supper the day my father completed his fiftieth year. He said, 'I remember when I was three.'

After that I accompanied him on a visit to Broomhall, where we were received by Lord Elgin, who is known as the collector of the Elgin marbles. We spent a very pleasant week there. I never heard my father converse on general subjects with so much ease as he did there, owing to the congeniality and intelligence of Lord and Lady Elgin. Mr. George Forbes, too, was there, and contributed to the interest of the visit. We went into a coal pit with Lord Elgin one day. I was dressed in clothes belonging to one of the women, while Papa and Lord Elgin got men's things over their own. I remember the lurid light down below, and his lordship being drawn in a sort of bath chair through the caverns, conversing kindly and genially with the colliers, who seemed delighted to see him there.

On our return to Edinburgh we set off by the United Kingdom steamer for London, where Papa was to be examined by a Committee of the House on Pauperism. My father, mother, and I were in London six weeks, during which time we saw many interesting people, and were very kindly received by some. Among these were Mr. Spencer Percival, son of the murdered Prime Minister—a truly charming person. He often called at our lodging and used to speak of his misgivings about having more wealth than others, and enjoying luxuries that many were deprived of. I heard my father answer these scruples of his, as Political Economy would answer them.

Mr. Spring Rice, afterwards Lord Monteagle,

was particularly kind to me. He entered so sympathetically into my feelings as a young girl seeing for the first time so many people I had heard or read of. One Sunday I walked to church with him—how or why I scarcely know—but he talked to me all the way, and I felt him quite a friend. He told me everything he thought would interest me.

Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, who died not long ago at a very advanced age, was delightful. We spent an evening in his house. He came afterwards to Edinburgh and gave Eliza and me each a little book. I am very sorry mine has disappeared—though I still have the kind note that accompanied it. His son Baldwin, who was afterwards drowned, used to visit our house when he was at College one winter. He was a bright, pleasant young man.

On this occasion I had the privilege of seeing Mr. Wilberforce at an evening party at Sir Thomas Acland's. He came in late, beaming with geniality; a short spare figure, as like as possible to the statue in Westminster Abbey. He was surrounded by people as he went through the room shaking hands with friends, and his manner was sunny and benevolent. We had been at an Anti-Slavery meeting that morning, where I had lost my parasol. I also may be said to have lost my heart to Mr. O'Connell, whom I have still, after forty-five years, an admiration for, so that loss was not found—but the other was. In the vestry after church next day, Mr. afterwards Sir Thomas, Fowell Buxton, brought it to me while Mr. Wilberforce warmly shook hands with me in congratulation. We afterwards spent a day with him at Highwood Hill, staying all night. On our way we paid a visit of half an hour to

Coleridge, then living with Dr. Gillman at Highgate. It appeared to me the most intense half hour I ever spent in my life, owing to the beauty of his tones and language, while he poured forth a monologue on Mr. Irving, on the Book of Revelations, which he described as a poem perfect in its metaphors, with one exception. That exception I am not sure of, but think it was the mighty angel that had one foot on the sea, the other on the earth. The effect of his monologue was on me like that of listening to entrancing music. I burst into tears when it stopped and we found ourselves suddenly in the open air.

The first thing that threw cold water on my enthusiasm was what Miss Wilberforce said when we reached her father's house. She had no admiration or sympathy for Coleridge—indeed, she had no poetry in her own nature and no toleration for the caprices of genius. She was disgusted with his treatment of his daughter, whom he hardly ever saw, because he said his feeling for her was too intense to permit him to indulge in so great a luxury without harm. One can easily see how ordinary minds did not see it in the same light. He called her his 'lovely daughter.' She does not seem to have felt his neglect, as her own memoirs show a great identity of feeling with her father.

Mr. Irving used to go to Mr. Coleridge's weekly *soirées*, and they were in some respects congenial. I think it was by Mr. Irving my father was introduced to Coleridge. I found in the memoir of Dr. Macvicar of New York an account of one of those *soirées* at Highgate, to which he went in company with Mr. Irving. Before that he looked on Mr. Irving as a

charlatan, but it was pleasant to see how he gained on the somewhat formal Churchman during the drive to Highgate.

We found at Mr. Wilberforce's his eldest son William and his wife, a daughter of Mr. Owen of the Bible Society. Also Samuel Wilberforce and his wife, who had been confined six weeks before, and her sister, Miss Louisa Sargent. They were daughters of Rev. Mr. Sargent who wrote the life of Henry Martin, and were both very pretty. Miss Wilberforce took me through the house, an old one with rambling passages and doors. In doing this we came to a door that would not open, being held in the inside (it turned out) by Samuel Wilberforce, because his wife was sitting up for the first time since her confinement in that room. On finding it was his sister, he let us in, and we staid a few minutes with his interesting wife. He was then only a curate, and, as the property had been diminished by the speculations of the eldest son, there was anxiety as to the future. Mr. Wilberforce wore a sort of jacket over his coat when we all went into the garden, where he sang and chatted and moved like a young boy, so full of vivacity in spite of his delicate health. Mr. and Mrs. Sykes were there when we arrived; he was an M.P., a very good man who had made a reduction of the duty on soap a great object of his parliamentary career, believing in the moral good of cleanliness. There was an organ in the hall, and there family prayers were held. Next morning we returned to town in their carriage, I sitting behind in the barouche. Samuel was afraid I would be dull without a book. 'I must get you a *Quarterly*,' he said, and rushed into the house for one.

He was kind by nature to every one—that made him so generally popular, and perhaps envied by those who saw his success. When we spent a day at Mr. Gerard Noel's at Richmond, he came to breakfast next morning, and after it he sang Heber's hymn, 'From Greenland's icy mountains,' with the Miss Noels. I thought it lovely, both song and accompaniment. The Miss Noels and he were very fond of Keble's Hymns, which I had just got and carried everywhere. I saw one of them clasp hers to her breast when we were talking of it.

We met Miss Wilberforce again at Mr. Nott's at Birmingham, where also her Radical uncle, Mr. Spooner, M.P., dined with us. She then told that on the day her brother's little boy was baptized the Bishop of Winchester had sent him a presentation to a living worth £500 a year in the Isle of Wight, that this was a very great comfort and relief to their anxieties for the future.

I saw Samuel Wilberforce once again at Dean Ramsay's; he had changed a great deal in his appearance and was much stouter than in his earlier days, more like his mother. I saw him again in 1873. We were calling at the Baroness Burdett Coutts. He came into the room, saying the Bishop of Winchester was there, and wished to shake hands with us before he left, which he did. I had him to myself for about five minutes, and was able to tell him, as I had often wished to do, how much I enjoyed his father's memoirs, particularly his letters to Lord Muncaster. He said he had been staying with the present Lord Muncaster just before. The last meeting was quite unexpected. I had gone for a week to visit the Cardwells at Eashing, when he had to preach in a

neighbouring church where an organ had been newly placed. He spent two days at Eashing. I heard him preach that sermon. Both days there were clergymen and their wives at dinner to meet him, and through the day he had so many letters to write that he was much in his own room. One day I sat next him at dinner, and he talked very nicely to me. He told me a story of a dog, that I had heard Dr. Hanna tell on his authority, also how he walked to church with his father the day the battle of Waterloo was being fought; how his father contrasted their quiet and peace with what might be at the same moment in Belgium. I also gathered that the baby I saw at Highwood Hill had died after he was grown up. Next morning I rose in order to be at prayers and to receive his Episcopal blessing. I had been ill. After prayers he stood up and asked for a blessing on all present. We went to the door to see him leave. I thought I would never see him again. He did so much work, writing so many letters a day, from a dozen to eighteen, and preaching almost daily. His neck, too, was so short.

He died about six weeks after by a fall from his horse, falling on his head, and his neck was dislocated—so I saw him near the beginning and near the end of his varied career.

In 1830 my father, mother, and I were travelling northwards from Birmingham to Manchester in a coach. We had inside places, but my father often went outside for the scenery. He was reading a book inside when a young man entered, taking the fourth seat, and somehow began at once a tirade against the abuses of the Church of England. He got full of

enthusiasm, said he hoped to be soon ordained, and, when he had a curacy, to be able to attack these abuses, which were the various grades and incomes of the bishops and clergy. He ended by 'I long to get a position so as to have power to attack them.' Then the quiet reader laid down his book, and to his astonishment answered his arguments, taking the other side like one at home on the whole subject. I do not think the young man rejoined. He listened and soon went out, but came back when my father went to top and I was alone. He said to me, 'I went out to try to find out who it was, and saw the name on the luggage. Do you know, I sat up a whole night at Cambridge to read his "Astronomical Discourses"? I could not stop, and meeting him now interests me more than I can say.' Another time a person came into a coach with us who recognized my father and spoke in a tone of admiring familiarity that offended my dignity, which was a marked feature in 1830. So I looked very cross. After a while my father and the man went to the top, when the former alluded to 'his wife and daughter.' Indeed, said the man, 'pray which is Mrs. Chalmers?' Mamma was sure he took her for the daughter from her pleasant appearance.

We left St. Andrews in 1828-9. While there, the likeness of a little girl with large black eyes appeared in shop windows playing on the harp. She was called the 'Infant Lyra,' and made a great sensation, being about four years old and playing out of her own head. So I never forgot her, and when I was grown up and visiting in a country house, spoke of her to the young lady of the house. She said, 'Did you like her play-

ing?' I began to explain that I never heard her, being at St. Andrews at the time. 'But you have heard her—she is in this house.' Then to my great excitement I found that her young cousin, Izy Rudkin, now about seventeen, had been the 'Infant Lyra.' 'So you know about me,' the girl said, quite pleased to be able to talk of the past. She was the daughter of an Irish proprietor, and had an uncle a baronet, who went with her in part of her tour. She had wonderful success; they said the Princess Victoria had walked up and down the room with her, their arms round each other's waists. She got jewels showered on her and had large audiences. But all had melted away, the jewels sold, the money spent. She had still the large black eyes, and the charm of the Southern Irish with their careless ways. She had not been instructed in the harp, so her playing was not then remarkable. She married first her cousin George Kingston, a clergyman in Ireland; after him, Mr. George Rainy, whom she survived. She is possibly still alive, as I know her to be younger than myself a good deal. I last saw her in London—a stout matron, still untidy and extravagant in giving to Irish relations, but the same fine eyes.

(*Later note.* She died in 1888 after the above was written.)

In 1846 we were in London. Home Rule was then called Fenianism, and in Parliament there was an Irish member, Mr. Smith O'Brien, who had several times to be ordered off to prison. But he was one of the Inchiquin O'Briens, and really a descendant of Brian Boru, so, of course, he had a right to bluster, even though his relations were grieved. I went to

the Greigs (Mr. Woronzo Greig's) to spend the afternoon. We were to have tea, with beef-steak for our dinner, when Mr. S. O'Brien arrived hungry from the H. of Commons, and gladly joined in the feast. The Greigs were going away next day, and went to pack after tea, so I was left with Mr. O'Brien, who was very pleasant. He read aloud poems of a Fenian kind that he had presented to Mrs. Greig, and told me he hoped Scotland would join Ireland for a Repeal of the Union, which I assured him we were too cautious to do. He told me they had got far beyond O'Connell now. I said to Mrs. Greig, 'How much interested I shall be in this evening, when he is hanged.' She was much shocked, but after all he had only penal servitude, for he did not want to shed blood any more than O'Connell did, and his 'cabbage garden' was much ridiculed for that reason. When he was allowed to return, I was sorry to hear, that he could not understand that his property was now not his own as before. He was on a ticket of leave, and his family had it somehow, but he had no control. His letters to Mr. Greig were so abusive, that Miss Kinloch burnt them when they got the house after both the Greigs died. Mr. Greig had been his agent, and they were great friends, but he must have been slightly insane always. His mother was Lady O'Brien. I think their family got the earldom of Inchiquin afterwards. In these days Fenianism was less Radical than now in 1889. The poems were from a paper called *The Nation*, which used to be sent to my father during the F. C. controversy. Mr. O'Brien said he hoped Scotland would rise in defence of the Church. I remember one stanza:

'And let the orange lily be
Thy badge, my patriot brother;
The everlasting green for me,
And we for one another.'

The Revd. Mr. Paterson of Kirkurd was very fanatical about the Free Church and all those who did not 'come out,' as we used to call it. He had been long in Germany, and was a striking preacher. The presbytery of Strathbogie, on a case of veto, chose to abide by the law courts rather than the ecclesiastical. Therefore they were suspended by the Church, and ministers sent to supply their places. Just before, Dr. Chalmers had been in that district on an extension tour, and this story was told to me by Mr. Paterson in a very sardonic voice, after '43. While the debates were going on, Dr. Bisset of Bourtee (one of them), 'with a malignant expression of countenance,' said he wished to ask Dr. Chalmers what reception he met with when at Strathbogie so lately. Immediately, cries arose in the assembly of 'Order!' and 'Silence!' amid which Dr. Chalmers rose, seeming determined to speak. He begged to say he had been most kindly received there, and nowhere more so than by 'his brethren of Strathbogie.' I remember well Mr. Paterson's dislike to it all, and was much interested in my father's love of truth and generosity. After the F. C. was fairly established, I think the second or third year, the F. C. moderator was Dr. Guthrie, the Established Church one was Dr. Bisset of Bourtee. I went with John Gardiner to the closing address of Dr. Bisset. Nothing could be more regretful over the sad event that had occurred, the loss of so many,

and in particular, Dr. Chalmers, his tones about him being reverent and appreciating. We were in the gallery, and nothing could be less malignant than his face. The same night Dr. Guthrie vaunted much the success of the F. C., the money raised, and the personal character; for I read it next morning.

Mr. Paterson was brother to Dr. B. Paterson of the Manse Garden. He too was a fanatic, his daughters less so, though married to F. C. ministers. Dean Stanley was delighted with the kindness of one of them, whom he visited in the South. Before that we had talk with them at Helensburgh about their uncle, whom they understood. Dean Stanley called at the F. C. Manse of one of these daughters on his way to visit the Abbey of Sweetheart. He was charmed with her. She had no one to help her, but went with corn to the field when the poney was loose and managed to catch him, saying, 'You must ride (for it was miles away) and come back to tea.' So when he came, expecting tea, he found it with all sorts of meat, cheese, and eggs, such as they have in Kirkcudbrightshire. He told us this himself with much appreciation.

Note.—Probably the writer intended to continue these notes which end thus abruptly. They have been included—because, though they go over much the same ground as the Journal of 1830, they all bear on the writer's youth.—M. G. B.

GENEALOGICAL NOTE



GENEALOGICAL NOTE

By Mr. JOHN CHALMERS, of Anstruther,
Grandfather of ANNE CHALMERS

JOHN CHALMERS was Rector of the Grammar School of Cupar, Fife, in the end of the seventeenth century. He was of a younger branch of the family of Gadgirth in Ayrshire. (That estate is now out of the family.) Said John Chalmers was married to a daughter of Balfour of Barton, in Fife-shire; he was proprietor of lands in the neighbourhood of Auchtermuchty in Fife, and of Pitmeddin in Perthshire, to which his eldest son John succeeded. The estates were afterwards sold by his son Robert.

His son James was minister in Elie in the beginning of the eighteenth century. He married Agnes Merchiston, who was daughter of James Merchiston,* sometime Episcopalian curate at Kirkpatrick-Juxta the end of the seventeenth century, from which charge he was ejected. His was a branch of the family of Merchiston of Merchiston; they† purchased the estate of Radernie, to which their eldest son John succeeded. Their second son James was a merchant in Anstruther and the father of the

* Mr. Merchiston was one of the deposed Episcopalian ministers of the Revolution period, but he had so little High Church in him that he resided during the remainder of his days with his son-in-law at Elie and regularly attended the kirk.—From genealogical note by Anne Chalmers.

† ‘They’ means Rev. James Chalmers, of Elie, and Agnes Merchiston, his wife. It was said that Agnes Merchiston saved the money for the purchase out of her household money.—M. G. B.

writer of these remarks, John Chalmers, now merchant there.

Early in the seventeenth century there were four brothers in Anstruther, wealthy and respected men, viz. Robert, John, David, and William Alexander. Said Robert Alexander mortified* as much money to the Divinity College of St. Andrews as now yields to two Bursars in the College fifteen pounds a year. The second son, John, was great-great-grandfather to the writer by a daughter named Bessy Alexander, married to a merchant in Anstruther, James Lawson, who had a daughter named Bessy, married to William Anderson, Shipmaster in Anstruther, who had a daughter named Barbara married to James Chalmers, father of the writer. Said William Anderson was a wealthy man, and left considerable property in lands and money to his son James. Said James had one of ye Bursaries mortified by Robert Alexander about the year 1730, and my son Thomas had one of these Bursaries in the last years of the eighteenth century.

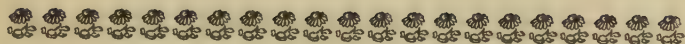
[Continued by Margaret P. Wood]:

Said John married Elizabeth Hall, and had a son, Thomas Chalmers. Said Thomas married Grace Pratt, and had six daughters, Anne, Eliza, Grace, Margaret, Helen, and Fanny.

Said Thomas had eight brothers and five sisters.

* Mortified, meaning bequeathed.—M. G. B.

EXTRACT from a LETTER
about Mr. GLADSTONE



EXTRACT from a LETTER about Mr. GLADSTONE

THE LETTER from which this extract is taken was written by Anne Chalmers, then Mrs. Hanna, to Mr. P. Stewart, concerning some remarks in a public utterance of Mr. Gladstone, in the course of which he criticized certain opinions of Dr. Chalmers. The writer recalls the circumstances under which Mr. Gladstone visited her father's house in early life, and points out one or two inaccuracies of statement in his speech as reported. The misstatement about the salaries of Professors in the University of Edinburgh was doubtless that which prompted her, as she mentions elsewhere, to write and mention it to Mr. Gladstone, which service he appreciatively acknowledged.

‘Mrs. Mackenzie, read to me Mr. Gladstone’s remarks on my father; they seem more fair than we expected. I was that winter twenty, Mr. Gladstone close upon twenty-four, Dr. Chalmers fifty-three. It was in 1833; I naturally remember better after a quiet life than he does. He forgets how he was introduced to Dr. Chalmers. His father had built a church in Leith, and was to endow it, but wished the Patronage to be vested in his family. In this way young Gladstone, when he came to visit his father, was introduced by him to Dr. C. He was never at breakfast with two long tables; there was no room. He may have heard that at students’ breakfasts there was *one* long table. He came daily for about ten days to breakfast, and being very

congenial on church matters, church extension, and the parochial system, and very conservative, my father liked his society, and invited him to walk with him. I do not think more than one or two ever came the same day. In those days young M.P.'s often came to converse on such subjects with my father; he would have said "Yours respectfully" to any of them, for it was then a better position than now.

'Now comes the interesting part to me.

'After breakfast he always said, "Can I give you any franks?" I see him now at the side table with his notebook, for they had to take notes, having only a limited number daily. I got several from him, and two years ago, when Lady Cardwell died, a large box came to me of my old letters. There I found one he franked in a clear, bold hand in 1833—thus, I am able to tell you how old we all were then. I looked inside and read: "The young man who franks this looks very young, about twenty-two. He is to give me one for Jessie." I remember how amused he was at Jessie's address—it was so Scotch: *Darroch*, *Gourock*, *Greenock*; three "*ocks*." No doubt it was burnt long ago—she died many years ago. The Gladstones were in Edinburgh next year. Mr. Wm. G. called. I only recognized him when he spoke of franks—for we saw many people then. I do not think Dr. Guthrie had made any mark in Edinburgh in 1833, nor do I know that three-fourths of the people belonged to the Church of Scotland. That would not have influenced my father at any period of his life, and then he was too anxious to reach the lapsed masses in "manageable districts" not too large to be attended to. At all events, Dissent was

strong. Sir Henry Moncrieff was not at E. Kilbride then—nor till we left it in 1837.

‘Mr. Gladstone mistakes what Dr. Chalmers wished to explain about the footing on which the salaries of Professors then were. They were under the Town Council, which, being bankrupt, stopped them entirely. The endowment of my father’s chair was about £200 a year—to speak of £1,200 is, to say the least, preposterous. Though we required in Forres Street £800 a year in all, it was made up by the students’ fees and my father’s private means to that sum. I do not know exactly when a Royal Commission came and set matters right so far. Since then the salaries of Professors have been much increased, as you would see in the newspapers lately; but even yet the Professor of Divinity has not above £500 a year from that source. Mr. Gladstone *now* takes it up wrong in the same way as he is amused at “manageable districts.” He has been interviewed with considerable adroitness for his present object.

‘Sir John Gladstone wished to be patron of his *quoad sacra* church. My father would have no objection in 1833, but, as time went on, the majority against Patronage increased in the General Assembly. Sir John was very angry, and blamed my father for the veto, which he disliked much. After the Disruption he got the Patronage. The Gladstones gave in their name as taking . . .* when it was established. Many patrons did not, such as Sir Thomas Carmichael. But they have not yet got any, as there has been no change of minister since the law was made arranging the amount.

‘Miss Gladstone was at an evening party in our

* Word undecipherable.

house. I admired her, for she was pretty, and dressed in black velvet.

'She entered the Church of Rome, and after many years I heard she entered a convent. She died not long ago, leaving her fortune to the Church of Rome.

IN MEMORIAM



IN MEMORIAM

(From the 'Scotsman,' April 1st, 1891.)

THE LATE MRS. HANNA

BY the death of Mrs. Hanna a notable personality has passed from our midst. The eldest daughter of Dr. Chalmers, and the most widely known member of his family, she long held a distinctive place in Edinburgh society, and gathered around herself a peculiarly deep and affectionate interest, which grew in intensity and tenderness to the last. She had richly inherited many of the remarkable qualities of the great Scottish divine, whom she visibly resembled and continually recalled; his natural dignity, his benign expression in the inner circle, his masculine understanding, his depth and sincerity of conviction, his inner repose of feeling, his impressive and commanding individuality. She received the best education that St. Andrews could furnish when her father was Professor of Moral Philosophy there, and her musical and linguistic faculty was highly cultivated; but her strong character and judgment owed most to the formative influence of the social surroundings and movements of which Dr. Chalmers was the centre in later years. Her command of French and Italian enabled her to act as interpreter between him and many distinguished foreigners in those days, and she came at the same time into contact with most of the leading ecclesiastics of the day, as well as with many notable politicians, including Mr. Gladstone, who was only

then entering upon public life. Her memories of the least incidents of her father's life were cherished with a beautiful affectionateness, and remained vivid and unfailing to the end. It can easily be imagined what a charm they gave to her conversation and judgments of men and events that bulk so largely in the Scotland of this century. In Dr. Hanna she found a husband worthy of her noble and elevated nature; and she proved herself the worthy helpmeet of his beneficent life, the earnest counterpart of his genial personality, and the sympathetic sharer in all his ecclesiastical efforts and literary triumphs. Few women have been ever more revered and loved by the immediate relatives and friends of the inner circle who share the routine and trial of the common ordeal of everyday life; and fewer still have had the power to combine such independence and individuality of character with an unbroken fidelity and reverence towards the old order. She was a true Scottish gentlewoman, loyal to all the best traditions of her country, tender to all common infirmity, resting calmly in her own inward piety, and impatient only of unreality, insincerity, and untruth. She held strong ecclesiastical and political opinions, which became more conservative as she advanced in years, and she had always the courage of her convictions. She entirely disapproved of the policy of Disestablishment adopted by the new Free Church party, and latterly practically gave her adhesion to the Church of Scotland. She also strongly disapproved of Mr. Gladstone's politics, but she followed his every movement with keen interest. One of her last acts, when failing in strength and with sight growing dim, was to write to Mr. Gladstone correcting some statements he had

made to an interviewer regarding Dr. Chalmers, which he courteously acknowledged. Her serene and courageous mind remained clear to the last, and her end was peace. Her remains were interred in the Grange Cemetery yesterday, beside those of Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Hanna; Dr. MacGregor, of St. Cuthbert's, officiating with deep solemnity amid a large company of mourners. The pall-bearers were Mr. Thomas Chalmers Hanna, C.A., her son; Mr. Blackie of Liverpool, her son-in-law; Sir William Muir; Mr. Archibald Constable; Rev. R. G. Forrest; Rev. Dr. MacGregor; Mr. T. Bennet Clark, C.A.; and Mr. David Chalmers. Among the mourners were Professor Flint, Professor Masson, Dr. Thomas Smith (Moderator-nominate of the Free Church Assembly), Dr. Walter C. Smith, Dr. Alexander Whyte, Dr. Dodds, of Corstorphine, and others. Of Dr. Chalmers' family there still survive Mrs. Mackenzie, widow of the Rev. John Mackenzie, with whom Mrs. Hanna spent her last years; and Mrs. Wood, wife of Mr. W. Wood, C.A.

W. HASTIE.



Dec. 12. 8. 54

3^d Williams, Little St. 7 May 1925.

